



Vol. XV.

JANUARY, 1912

No. 3

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS,
THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT
ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
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The "Era" is a welcome visitor, and copies of it are eagerly sought after, by seekers for truth."—E. D. Clyde, Jr., Fremont, Neb.

Elder A. H. Shaw, of Bradford, England, November 8, says: "I appreciate the "Improvement Era." It surely is a messenger of truth, and is of great benefit to the elders in the mission field."

Elder Melvin D. Naylor, Zurich, Switzerland, says, November 20: "The "Improvement Era" is always welcome with us, and you are really to be congratulated on the improvement each issue shows over its predecessor."

Elder James R. McLean, Bloomington, Illinois, October 28: "We find the ERA a source of inspiration to ourselves, and also a great help in making friends and opening up the way for the teaching of the gospel."

Elder Hans J. Mortensen, writing from Stavanger, Norway, says: "We appreciate the ERA. Every line is eagerly read by the elders,"

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(When writing to Advertisers, please mention the ERA)

Titles crowded out of the January number of the "Era," but which will appear in February: "The Beginnings of Human History," by A. B. Christensen; a number of interesting illustrated mission messages; and "Kimberly and the Diamond Fields," illustrated, by Alfred J. Gowers, Jr. Then, among the excellent new topics, will be "Special Exercises in the M. I. A.," by Horace G. Whitney, dramatic and musical editor of the "Deseret News"; "The Pharisee and the Publican," a strong religious paper by Judge Henry H. Rolapp; "Slats' Pendleton's Visit to Ras-El-Nasir," a story of fear, heat, and salt, by Hamilton Gardner. "The Open Road," Prof. Evans' serial story, is proceeding to a stage of intense interest. Every page will be full of attractive matter, to the general reader, the Priesthood, the M. I. A., and the Church schools. You can still get the full volume, and the Manual (Senior or Junior), if you send \$2 now. Try also to get a new subscriber for the "Era." It is a good New Year's gift; it reminds your friend of you twelve times a year.

President Charles H. Hyde, of the Australian mission, writing from Sydney, Australia, November 1, says: "The work is progressing nicely in this mission, although we are short of elders—which seems to be the cry in all the missions. A very good spirit prevails among the elders and Saints. We appreciate the "Era" in our work, and the copies we receive are passed from home to home, giving many an opportunity of being benefited by its contents."

"We have been reading the "Era" in Toluca conference since its organization, and I personally testify to the usefulness of the magazine, and its helpfulness in this part of the mission. We are teaching an English class, and give our advanced students stories from the "Era" to read. Some have become very much interested, and wish to read more stories."—E. W. Richardson, Toluca, Mexico.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, JANUARY, 1912.

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JOSEPH F. SMITH,	} Editors	HEBER J. GRANT, Business Manager
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Portrait of Orson Pratt.....	Frontispiece
Orson Pratt's Hundredth Anniversary.....	Edward H. Anderson..... 193
Orson Pratt. Illustrated.....	Orson F. Whitney..... 195
The Maori Agricultural College. Illustrated	W. J. Beck..... 207
John Engleman and the Spirit of Christ- mas II.	Nephi Anderson..... 210
The Economics of Agriculture.....	A. F. Cardon..... 218
Elders of the Arkansas Conference..... 224
The Open Road. Adventures V. and VI. A Story	John Henry Evans..... 225
Peace. A Poem. Illustrated.....	Alfred Lambourne..... 233
Tour of the Tabernacle Choir. Illustrated	David A. Smith..... 234
The Doer. A Poem.....	Grace Ingles Frost..... 244
Elders at Trondhjem, Norway..... 244
The Time for Me. A Poem. Illustrated...	H. R. Merrill..... 245
From Nauvoo to Salt Lake XI.	Moroni Snow..... 246
Minnesota Elders..... 250
The Oliver Cowdery Monument. Illustrated	Junius F. Wells..... 251
Dedicatory Prayer, Oliver Cowdery Monu- ment	Heber J. Grant..... 271
Editor's Table—To the Seventies.....	Dr. Seymour B. Young and Council
Endorsement of Instructions.....	Prest. Joseph F. Smith and Counsellors
Missionary Correspondence Course.... 279
Official Appointments	Prest. Joseph F. Smith..... 280
Messages from the Missions..... 281-284
Priesthood Quorums' Table..... 282
Mutual Work—Cheering Words from Box Elder—The Normal Athletic Class—M. I. A. Scouts, etc. 285

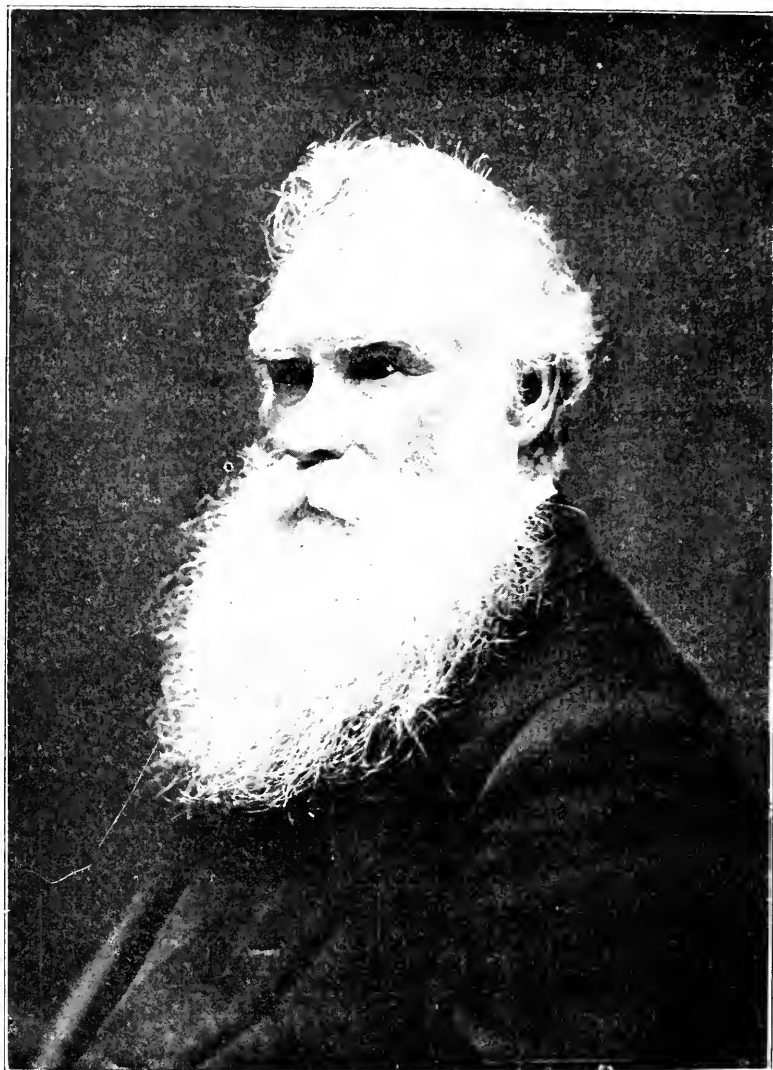


ORSON PRATT'S hundredth anniversary was fittingly celebrated by memorial services in the great Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, October 8, 1911. He was a man who had but little early opportunity for education, but he became self-educated. His example in doing things under difficulty should be an inspiration to all who struggle. He ranks easily among the great literary and religious men of England and America, who were born in the early part of the nineteenth century.

Orson Pratt was a deep thinker as well as an industrious and painstaking worker. As a speaker he commanded marked attention; and his frequent sermons in the great tabernacle were attractive features of the services, in early days. He had something to say, and his sermons were given in a way to interest and convince. Sometimes, because of their length and his calm deliberation, they wearied the boys and other hearers who were fond of lighter matter, but all are better for having heard them.

Orson Pratt devoted his entire life to the cause of God, paying little attention to temporal affairs. Disinterestedness in self marked his whole career. He died poor in things pertaining to this earth, but bounteously rich in patience, gentleness, willingness to obey and abide by counsel, and in spiritual blessings. His name and labors are honored in the Church of Christ, and will make themselves felt for good in many generations to come.

"Orson Pratt," said the Deseret News, at the time of his death, "was truly an Apostle of the Lord. Full of integrity, firm as a rock to his convictions, true to his brethren and to his God, earnest and zealous in defense and proclamation of the truth, ever ready to bear testimony to the Latter-day work, he had a mind stored with scripture, ancient and modern, was an eloquent speaker, a powerful minister, a logical and convincing writer, an honest man, and a great soul who reached out after eternal things, grasped them with the gift of inspiration, and brought them down to the level and comprehension of the common mind. Thousands have been brought into the Church through his preaching in many lands, thousands more by his writings. He set but little store on the wealth of this world, but he has laid up treasures in heaven which will make him eternally rich."—EDWARD H. ANDERSON.



ORSON PRATT.

Born, New York, September 19, 1811; died, Salt Lake City,
October 3, 1881.

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XV.

JANUARY, 1912

No. 3

Orson Pratt

Apostle, Pioneer, Philosopher, Scientist and Historian

BY ORSON F. WHITNEY, OF THE QUORUM OF TWELVE
APOSTLES

One hundred years ago, in a humble village of the Empire State, a man was born of whom it was said, as he lay in his casket at Salt Lake City on the 6th of October, 1881, that he had traveled more miles, preached more sermons, studied and written more upon the gospel and upon science, than any other man in the Church. That man was Orson Pratt, and the speaker who eulogized him was Wilford Woodruff, his fellow apostle and pioneer.

There were many who knew Orson Pratt better than I, but none admired or esteemed him more. And yet my knowledge of him was not based upon intimate association; I scarcely knew him in a social way, and never had the opportunity to converse with him. My acquaintance with the man was wholly of a public character, and the information I possess concerning his career is shared by tens of thousands.

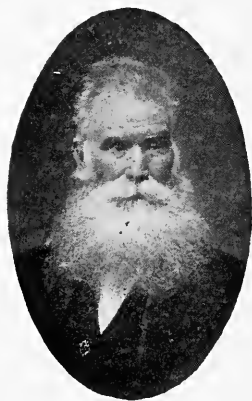
He was of English and Puritan descent, his father's ancestor, Lieutenant William Pratt, being among the first settlers of Hartford, Connecticut. Lieutenant Pratt's father was Reverend William Pratt, of Stevenidge, Hertfordshire, England. Orson Pratt was born at Hartford, Washington county, New York, September 19, 1811. His parents were Jared Pratt and his wife Charity Dickinson. Orson was next to the youngest of six chil-

*Delivered at the memorial services in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, October 8, 1911.

dren. His elder brother Parley was destined like himself to become a noted preacher and writer, and one of the earliest settlers of the Rocky Mountain region. Jared Pratt was a weaver and a tiller of the soil. He had no faith in creeds or churches, but taught his children to be moral, and to believe in the Bible.

Orson received his first schooling at New Lebanon, Columbia county, in his native state. To that place the family moved when he was three or four years old. He was sent to school several months in each year until the spring of 1822, when he hired out as a farm boy. Whether in school or out, his studious mind was always at work, and at intervals he picked up a knowledge of arithmetic, bookkeeping, geography, grammar and surveying.

Though a frequent reader of the Scriptures, he was not deeply concerned about religion until the autumn of 1829, when he began to pray fervently for spiritual light and guidance. About a year later two elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came into his neighborhood and held meetings. One of these elders was his brother, Parley P. Pratt, by whom Orson was baptized on the nineteenth anniversary of his birth. October of that year found him at Fayette, Seneca county, the birthplace of the Church, which was then only six months old. While there he met the Prophet Joseph Smith, and was confirmed by him a member and ordained an elder on the first day of November, 1830. His first mission, taken soon after, was to Colesville, in Broome county.



ORSON PRATT

Early in 1831 he followed the fortunes of the Saints to Ohio, and at Kirtland, where he presided over the elders, was ordained a High Priest by Sidney Rigdon. From that time forth he was busy traveling, preaching, and building up branches of the Church. Among his converts in the eastern states were his brother Anson, at Hurlgate, Long Island; Amasa M. Lyman, at Bath, New Hampshire; and the Farr, Snow, and Gates families in Vermont. At Kirtland he taught an evening grammar school, and was himself a student under Professor Seixas, a New York savant, who

certified to his proficiency in Hebrew, after a course of instruction extending through eight weeks.

Orson Pratt helped to organize Zion's Camp, and during the journey to Missouri, whither the expedition went to reinstate the Jackson county Saints upon the lands from which they had been driven by mob violence, he had charge of several wagons. When cholera broke out in camp, he was one of those attacked by it, but his great faith and iron will saved him, while others perished. In Missouri he was a member of the High Council.

At Columbus, Ohio, in April, 1835, he learned that he had been chosen one of the Twelve Apostles, and was expected to be at Kirtland on the twenty-sixth of that month, for ordination. A journey of two days by stage coach enabled him to arrive there on the day appointed, and he was ordained an Apostle under the hands of David Whitmer and Oliver Cowdery, two of the Three Witnesses to the Book of Mormon.

When the Church moved from Ohio, Orson Pratt was presiding over a large branch in New York City. Summoned to Far West, Missouri, which had become the headquarters of the Latter-day Saints, he was on his way there with his family, and had reached St. Louis, where he was ice-bound, the rivers being frozen, when he learned of the expulsion of his people from that state. He rejoined them at Quincy, Illinois, in the spring of 1839.

During the previous summer, while the Saints were still in Missouri, the Prophet, voicing the word of the Lord, had directed the Apostles to take a mission to Europe, and the appointment designated the very date upon which they should leave Far West, starting from the Temple lot in that city. This was before the mob troubles arose, and before there was any prospect of an armed collision between Missourians and "Mormons." But now all was changed! The Saints had been driven out; and it was almost as much as a "Mormon's" life was worth to be seen in Missouri. The day set for the departure of the Apostles was approaching, but they were far away, and the mob leaders were boasting that "Joe Smith's prophecy" concerning the event would fail. Joseph himself was a prisoner in the hands of the Missourians, as was his brother, Hyrum Smith, also Parley P. Pratt, and other leaders; but Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Pratt, John Taylor, and others of the Twelve were at liberty, and

they determined to fulfil the Prophet's prediction. Accordingly before daybreak on the day appointed, April 26, 1839, they rode into Far West, held a meeting on the Temple lot, ordained Wilford Woodruff and George A. Smith to the Apostleship, and started upon their foreign mission; the enemy meanwhile wrapt in slumber, oblivious to what was taking place.

Delayed by the founding of Nauvoo, Illinois, and by an epidemic of fever and ague that swept over that newly settled region, the Apostles did not cross the Atlantic until about a year later. Landing at Liverpool, penniless, and among strangers, they remained in Great Britain a little over twelve months, during which period they baptized seven or eight thousand persons, and raised up branches of the Church in almost every noted city and town throughout the United Kingdom. They also established a periodical, *THE MILLENNIAL STAR*, with Parley P. Pratt as editor; published five thousand copies of the *BOOK OF MORMON*, fifty thousand tracts, and three thousand hymn books; besides emigrating a thousand people to Nauvoo, and founding a permanent emigration agency. The British mission had previously been opened by Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde, with their associates; now its foundations were laid broad and deep.

In the assignment of mission fields Scotland fell to Orson Pratt. It has been said that a Scotchman should always be in the right, for he is hard to turn. The Apostle proved the truth of this saying during his experience in and around Edinburgh, where he fasted, prayed, and preached for nine months, succeeding, after much difficulty, in raising up a branch of more than two hundred members. His patient zeal never flagged. His daily climbs up the slopes of Arthur's Seat, a mountain overlooking the town and from the summit of which he besought the God of Israel to give him the hearts of that people, is one of the picturesque episodes of "Mormon" missionary life. While upon this mission he published his pamphlet, *REMARKABLE VISIONS*, the perusal of which drew many into the Church. He returned to America early in 1841.

During the next few years he resided at Nauvoo, where he had charge of a mathematical school, and was a member of the city council. He also filled missions in the east, and at the city of Washington presented a memorial, prepared by himself and

others, and signed by the members of the Nauvoo city council, praying for redress of the wrongs suffered by the Saints while in Missouri. During his leisure hours he calculated eclipses and prepared an almanac for publication in 1845. It was entitled *THE PROPHETIC ALMANAC*, and was calculated from the latitude and meridian of Nauvoo and other American towns. "From 1836 to 1844," says the Apostle, "I occupied much of my leisure time in study, and made myself thoroughly acquainted with algebra, geometry, trigonometry, conic sections, differential and integral calculus, astronomy, and most of the physical sciences. These studies I pursued without the assistance of a teacher." He was in the east when the Prophet and the Patriarch were slain, and returned to Nauvoo soon after the martyrdom.

The exodus of the Latter-day Saints from Illinois began in February, 1846. The Mississippi river was frozen over, and some of the companies crossed on the ice. Orson Pratt, who had recently returned from another eastern mission, was one of the leaders of this migratory movement, which was destined to redeem an arid waste, and found an empire in the heart of the Great American Desert. During their slow progress over the snow-covered or rain-soaked prairies, to the bluffs of the Missouri river, the pilgrims halted many times, and were even under the necessity of forming temporary settlements, Garden Grove and Mount Pisgah, at which places the leaders, in council, decided to send a company of pioneers to the Rocky mountains, in advance of the main body of the people. Preparations for this expedition were under way when, at the Bluffs, in July, 1846, the enlistment of the "Mormon" battalion, five hundred volunteers, as part of the United States military force then invading Mexico and her provinces, postponed the departure of the pioneers until the next season.

Orson Pratt was one of the one hundred and forty-three men led by President Brigham Young from the Missouri river westward during the spring and summer of 1847. They started from the "Mormon" town of Winter Quarters (now Florence, Nebraska), about the middle of April, arriving in Salt Lake Valley on Saturday, the 24th of July. Brother Pratt entered the valley three days in advance of the general arrival.

It happened thus. President Young, after leaving Fort

Bridger, had been attacked by mountain fever, and under his direction Orson Pratt, with a number of men and wagons, led the way down Echo canyon, up East canyon, through and over the Wasatch mountains toward the shores of the Great Salt Lake. From the summit of Big mountain, on the nineteenth of July, Orson Pratt and John Brown, riding ahead of their companions, caught the first glimpse of the valley; and on the 21st, Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow, the latter a messenger from President Young, emerged from Emigration canyon, a little south of where Fort Douglas now stands. They had a single saddle horse, and were riding by turns. The day being warm, Brother Snow took off his coat and hung it loosely over the saddle bow. Missing it,



THE OLD PRATT OBSERVATORY.

Formerly located on the southeast corner of Tabernacle Square, Salt Lake City, Utah. The place is now marked by two red sandstones, which were set by Orson Pratt and used in his observations.

he rode back toward the mountains to look for it, leaving his companion to walk on alone to the banks of City creek. This stream then divided into two branches, one flowing south, the other west. Thus it was that Orson Pratt was the first of the pioneers to tread the site of Salt Lake City.

Any other member of that historic band might have done as much, had chance or destiny so decided; but how many of them could have laid out the town that was founded here that memorable summer? This honor also fell to Orson Pratt who, assisted by Henry G. Sherwood, ran the original survey of Salt Lake City, on Monday, the second of August. He ascertained the altitude of the valley, and determined its latitude and longitude. We are also indebted to Orson Pratt and a few men like him for what we know of the experiences of the pioneers during and after their journey to the west.

From the summer of 1848 to the spring of 1851, this Apostle presided over the European mission, with headquarters at Liverpool. The British Isles contained at that time, according to his published statement, about 40,000 Latter-day Saints. President Pratt's reputation as speaker and writer had preceded him, and the sun of his fame now rose nigh to the zenith. As president, preacher, editor, and author, he labored almost incessantly. Every noted town in the three kingdoms heard the sound of his voice, deep, sonorous, powerful, proclaiming with fervid and fearless eloquence the principles he had been sent to promulge—the principles of the Everlasting Gospel. While editing the MILLENNIAL STAR, he wrote, published and distributed many pamphlets on philosophical themes, and with means obtained from the sale of his works, supplied the urgent needs of a portion of his family who were still on the Iowa frontier. He was visiting them in the spring of 1850, when he received word from President Young that he was honorably released from his mission and at liberty to return to Utah.

In the Legislative Assembly of the Territory, almost from the beginning, Orson Pratt was a member of the Council, and he sat in every subsequent Legislature when at home. During several sessions he was Speaker of the House of Representatives.

As one of the corps of instructors of the University of Deseret, now University of Utah, he delivered, in the winter and spring of 1851-1852, a series of twelve public lectures on astronomy, which awakened general interest. He had now achieved fame in the field of higher mathematics, having discovered, in November, 1850, a law governing planetary rotation, and subsequently making other scientific discoveries. Professor Proctor,

the astronomer, while lecturing at Salt Lake City early in the eighties, referred almost reverently to Professor Pratt, expressing the opinion that there were but four real mathematicians in the world, and that Orson Pratt was one of them. He was such an ardent lover of knowledge, and so anxious to disseminate it, that he offered to teach the youth of the community free, if they would give their time to study.

In August, 1852, he took up a temporary residence in Washington, D. C., where he published *THE SEER*, a periodical devoted to the dissemination of "Mormon" doctrines. In its columns appeared the revelation on Plural Marriage and Joseph Smith's prophecy on War. At the same time he presided over the Latter-day Saints in all the states of the Union and in the adjoining British provinces. Then followed another presiding mission in Great Britain, from which he returned by way of California, while Johnston's army, sent to Utah to put down an imaginary rebellion, was in winter quarters east of the Wasatch mountains.

The spring of 1864 found the Apostle at Vienna, endeavoring to obtain a foothold for missionary work in the Austrian capital. But the laws of that country were too stringent for such an undertaking, and he, with his companion, Elder William W. Riter, returned to England. There President Pratt published, in May, 1866, an edition of his mathematical work, *PRATT'S CUBIC AND BI-QUADRATIC EQUATIONS*. Three years later, in New York City, he transcribed and published the *BOOK OF MORMON* in the phonetic characters of "The Deseret Alphabet."

August, 1870, was made memorable by a great public discussion in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, where Orson Pratt, the "Mormon" Apostle, debated with Dr. John P. Newman, Methodist pastor and Chaplain of the United States Senate, the question, "Does the Bible Sanction Polygamy?" The debate lasted three days, and was listened to by ten thousand people. The umpires, chosen by both parties, rendered no decision—that being one of the preliminary conditions—but it was the general verdict of "Mormons" and Gentiles that while Newman was the more eloquent, ornately so, at least, Pratt was the better informed, and the more logical. Both men were thorough scriptorians, but the Apostle surprised even his learned opponent by his profound knowledge of the original Hebrew, and his clear-cut mathematical

demonstrations. The Boston BANNER OF LIGHT, commenting on the result, said: "Some one carrying more guns than Dr. Newman will have to be sent out missionarying among the 'Mormons'."

In 1874 Orson Pratt became the Church Historian, an office held by him during the remainder of his days. In 1877 he went to England to transcribe and publish an edition of the BOOK OF MORMON in the Pitman phonetic characters, but was recalled almost immediately by the death of President Brigham Young. The ensuing autumn found him revisiting scenes of early "Mormon" history, in company with his fellow Apostle, Joseph F. Smith.

December of that year brought another mission, the last one undertaken by this valiant veteran in the cause of Christ. It was his fifteenth voyage over the ocean; this time to stereotype and publish at Liverpool the BOOK OF MORMON and the DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS, as arranged by him in paragraphs, with foot-notes and references. He also published while there his astronomical work, KEY TO THE UNIVERSE. In London he made a discovery regarding the Great Pyramid of Egypt, a discovery conclusively demonstrating to his mind that the date of the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is symbolized in the chronological floor line of the Grand Gallery in that ancient monument.

The Apostle was now advanced in years, almost upon the summit of his three score and ten. His appearance was truly patriarchal, hair and beard being white as snow. Powerful in build, though of but medium stature, he was still physically and mentally strong. During the whole period of his final mission, ending in September, 1879, he worked, for weeks at a stretch, not less than eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. The enfeebled state of his health after his return showed that the heavy labor had told severely upon him.

Two years later, on the third day of October, he died at his home in Salt Lake City. Just before breathing his last, he dictated to President Joseph F. Smith, who took down the words as the dying man uttered them, this epitaph, to be placed upon his tombstone: "My body sleeps for a moment, but my testimony lives and shall endure forever."

"The St. Paul of 'Mormondom'"—as Tullidge styles him, was

a preacher eloquent and powerful, a theologian learned and profound, a linguist to whom dead languages were an open book, a writer lucid and logical, a scientist of eminent attainments. Essentially a sage, having the philosophical temperament as well as the philosophical cast of mind, he might easily have been classed with the Wise Men of Greece, or even with the Hebrew Prophets.

The philosophical side of his nature may be illustrated by an anecdote. One of the evidences of the humble circumstances in which he lived was a weather-beaten though respectable straw hat which he wore both summer and winter. One day his daughter, Mrs. Joseph Kimball, asked him: "Father, why do you wear a straw hat in winter?" "To keep my head warm," he answered. "But," she persisted, "is a straw hat warm in winter?" "Warmer than no hat at all, my daughter," was the reply—worthy of a Diogenes.

Another incident tells something of his power of concentration, and his ability to control his feelings—all the more remarkable, when it is known that Orson Pratt was as high-spirited as he was fearless and determined. He was preaching at Liverpool, in the open air, when a noisy fellow, pushing his way through the crowd and planting himself squarely in front, began to denounce him. The speaker, without deigning to notice the interruption, raised his stentorian voice, and going right on with his discourse, poured forth a volume of sound that completely drowned the voice of his would-be disturber. The fellow then shouted his objections, but the Apostle, still further increasing his own lung power, again rendered the tones of the hoodlum inaudible. This was kept up until the latter ceased from sheer exhaustion, and retired amid the laughter of the bystanders. The orator then lowered his voice to normal pitch, and continued his subject to the end.

Orson Pratt stood at the head of a patriarchal household, the husband of several wives, the father of forty-five children, thirty-two of whom, evenly divided as to sons and daughters, survived him. Many of these are present today. His direct descendants—children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren—now number nearly four hundred.

It was a foregone conclusion that with a family so large, and a life so devoted to the public interest, he could hardly have died

wealthy, even had he so desired. But it is exceedingly doubtful that he ever cherished such a desire. Had he been asked the question, once put to Agassiz, "Why not use your ability to acquire a fortune?" he would probably have answered, as did the greatest naturalist, "I haven't the time."

He may have lacked the gift. Be it so. Perhaps he had other gifts, just as great, and even greater. The mind must be fed, as well as the body. "Man shall not live by bread alone," and he who ministers to the intellect and the spirit is, and ought to be, as consequential in any community as the capitalist, the business man, the politician, the executive, whose skill is in governing men, or acquiring and managing property, and ministering to the physical needs of his fellows. It may yet transpire that the true mission of the man of affairs, in one of its functions at least, is to free such men as Orson Pratt from the excess of business cares and burdens, and give them time to devote to other pursuits, just as important and quite as useful, in the long run, as those which the many most appreciate. Doubtless there were times when this man found it difficult to provide for his family the bread that perishes. One reason was that, like his great Master, our Elder Brother, he had to "be about his Father's business," feeding a starving world with the bread of eternal life.

Why should any man assume, be he writer, preacher, or financier, that his ability was given for his own exclusive benefit, and his neighbor's ability for the benefit of the public? No gift from God was ever intended for self aggrandizement. All such endowments are altruistic in purpose, and were designed for mutual help and the general good. Nor should aptitude in any direction be rated at its mere market value. Men pay most, as a rule, for things of least consequence. The gifts of the gospel, which are not to be purchased, which are beyond all price, would be discounted in any market in the world. They who despise any of God's gifts are fit subjects for the divine clemency. They should be forgiven, "for they know not what they do." All kinds of good men are needed in the work of the Lord, and some day, under a better social system than now prevails, they will be found laboring, every man for the interest of his neighbor, "and doing all things with an eye single to the glory of God."

"Without purse or scrip"—that was the insignia of the Apos-

tolic mission; and he who gave that mission "had not where to lay his head." Not that he was powerless to provide for himself and his friends, for he possessed all things; but he made his servants poor, that the world might be proved, and the Lord's true disciples known. He who gives even a cup of cold water to a servant of God athirst, shall in nowise lose his reward.

The American nation—the whole civilized world, or a great part of it, has gone money-mad, grasping after gold, and caring little or nothing as to how they acquire it; marrying for money, stealing for money, killing for money—anything to get money. "Put money in thy purse," seems to be the slogan of the present hour; which might be well enough, as to money honestly obtained, if more people were found willing to open their purses, take the money out again, and use it as the divine Giver intended it to be used. "How much is he worth in dollars and cents?" or "What is his capacity for making and keeping?" is too often the gauge of a man's greatness in these modern times. A false standard, unworthy of a great nation and a great people.

What a predicament the world would be in, if our Heavenly Father should act upon that principle? God's greatness is shown not so much by his ability to create and possess, as by his willingness to bestow, to give, to share, to minister to the welfare and happiness of his children, to provide ways and means for their advancement, opening for them the avenues of progress leading to those summits of glory which he himself has attained. And he expects us to be like him, to emulate his example, to be perfect even as he is perfect, according to our sphere.

Thank heaven there are some men and some women who bow not down to the god of gold; men and women who are not for sale; men and women with whom the Giver, not the gift, is supreme. Such a man was the Prophet Joseph Smith. Such were his associates and successors. Such men lead us today, and such are all true Latter-day Saints, the world over.

Such a man was Orson Pratt, a true and genuine Apostle. "A rich man," said President John Taylor at his funeral. Yes, for "he that hath eternal life is rich." Eternal riches was his quest. In moderate, even lowly circumstances, so far as this world's wealth was concerned, he was rich in powers of mind and accumulations of knowledge; an intellectual and a spiritual millionaire.



ELDERS AT TE HAUKE, NEW ZEALAND, CONFERENCE.

Reading from left to right, back row: S. E. Harris, Elder Jensen, J. A. Erickson, W. J. Beck, F. W. Halls; second row: M. M. Johnson and wife; O. D. Romney and wife, mission president; J. N. Wallace, A. S. Francom, conference president.

The Maori Agricultural College at Korangata

BY ELDER W. J. BECK

In the far-away land of New Zealand, the work of the Lord is progressing in a satisfactory manner. Especially is this so among the Maori people.

One of the great needs of this mission is more elders. We have been compelled to discontinue the work in some of the larger cities, among the Europeans, owing to the scarcity of elders. While we have about five thousand Maori Saints in this mission, there are only about fifty elders at present. It has been six months since any new elders arrived in this land.

President O. D. Romney has received word to commence the building of the Maori Agricultural College which will be erected at Korangata, at which place the Church owns some one hundred and thirty acres of very fertile land in a beautiful location. The college is to cost \$45,000, and is to be built of cement and brick. It will contain twenty-seven bed rooms, a large kitchen and dining room, six bath rooms, an assembly hall seating from three hundred

to four hundred people, four class rooms, laundry, drying and ironing rooms, and will accomodate nearly one hundred students. Work has already commenced by the architect in charge, and the building is to be completed in ten months and will be up to date in every respect.

The erection of this building and the establishment of a school at this place will result in great benefit to the people whose children are now compelled to leave home to go to colleges conducted by other churches. In this new school, young people will be taught the principles of the gospel as well as the science of agriculture. The Maoris are intelligent people, and develop rapidly, if given the opportunity that people have at home in our own land. They



SECTION OF FENCE AROUND THE CHURCH FARM.

The college will be built about where the two nearest sheep are grazing.

own large tracts of land which, if put to the right use, would bring them great returns in means and comfort. However, a great many Maoris are selling their land to the government or to the Europeans, and are spending their money for things which do them no good. They stand in need of being taught the use and value of the land, and the importance of keeping it,—this is what the college will undertake to do.

From all reports, the Hawkes Bay district is the most progressive district in this mission. At the district conference recently

held at Te Hauke, something over two hundred Saints were present, besides a good number of outsiders. President O. D. Romney and wife were in attendance, also Elder M. M. Johnson and wife and eight elders. Many of the Maori brethren in this district are exceptionally good speakers. They quote the scriptures more readily than most elders. The Spirit of the Lord was present and every one enjoyed the meetings, although some could not understand the language. Some of these said that while they could not understand the language, they could comprehend the good spirit which was present.



TWO OAT STACKS ON THE FARM.
A group of elders standing near one stack.

In this mission the elders do not have headquarters but stay with the Saints wherever they happen to be. They visit the different branches once a month holding Priesthood meetings with the Saints.

Elder A. S. Francom and F. W. Halls are traveling among the Saints. I am teaching a Maori school at Korangata. The prosperous condition of the Saints in this district is largely due to the president of the district, Elder Francom, who has been laboring here for two years.

The Saints are very kind to the elders who are very welcome to the best they have. During the last three months there were thirty baptisms, eleven children blessed, and fifteen other ordinances performed.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

John Engleman and the Spirit of Christmas

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE CASTLE BUILDER,
"ADDED UPON, ETC."

II

The next day John Engleman rode out to Harvey Woodson's. He saw no one about, so he stabled his horse and went into the house. Harvey was in, sitting by the kitchen stove with his head in his hands.

"A merry Christmas!" shouted, John as he stamped the snow from his boots, in the open doorway.

"Halloo, John," replied the other. "What are you doing here? Come right in."

"I am delivering invitations."

Harvey straightened and motioned his visitor to a chair. The room was hot and close, so John threw off his overcoat. As he glanced around, he saw that the floor was unswept, and the table was stacked with dirty dishes. The stove was red with rust. Harvey sat in his stable clothes, his boots soiled, and his hair tousled, as if it had not seen a comb for a week.

"Yes," continued John, "I want you to come to my house this evening. It's Christmas Eve, you know, and it will be pretty lonesome out here all by yourself, your mother being away."

"Yes, but I can stand it."

"You see, I'm off in a day or two?"

"Off?"

"Yes: there is nothing to keep me here this winter, so I thought I would take a run back to Ohio to visit some folks. I have been wanting to for a long time, but I haven't been able to get off until now. So this evening I'm going to have a house warming, a farewell, and a Christmas celebration all in one."

"Leave me out John, thank you just the same."

"Not much. You'll have to come. It isn't a party—only a few friends. You see, that little house I recently acquired has never had a house warming, and I would like to give it one before I leave."

"Who is to be there?"

"Why, there's you and me and Clara and her folks—that's all."

"Count me out What are you up to, anyway? Haven't you heard the village gossip for the past week that Clara and I have separated—we've quit."

"Oh, yes; I've heard some talk; but children's quarrels are soon made up."

"Look here, John; this is no joking matter. You had better mind your own business."

"I am making this my business now, and I think I have a right to. I called on Clara last evening—"

"Yes; I have already heard you did. It seems to me that you are butting in pretty soon."

John arose from the chair which he had drawn to the stove and walked around to where he could better look his companion in the face. "See here, Harve," he said with no display of anger, "you don't know what you are talking about."

"Yes I do—leave me alone."

"Do you remember that day when you and I came to an understanding about Clara?"

"What about it?"

"That was a fair and square proposition, wasn't it?"

"I guess so."

"You won. From the day Clara became yours, I have never coveted her, have never seriously thought of her as anything but your wife. Your wife she is now; yours, I believe, she always will be." He seated himself again, and the other turned, in better humor to listen, as John continued:

"We are old friends. You have always believed in me, so you have said. There is a terrible crisis in your life, and you need some help if you are not to go to wreck and ruin. I am going to help you and Clara to get together again."

"What! to fight and quarrel again, and live in a very hell!"

"You are going to quit that; both of you are going to come to your senses."

"But you don't know what a temper she has. It's God's truth, John, I've tried and tried until I could not put up with it longer."

"I thought you were a man, but I see you are a weakling."

Can't stand it!—such a trifling thing as a woman's temper. Shame on you. Why, every woman has a temper—I wouldn't give much for one that hasn't. She has an inborn right to display it at times, to the testing of the men—and yet here is big, strong Harvey Woodson downed and put out by a little woman's temper."

"You place your words well by saying, a **little** woman's temper; but it's no joke even if you think so."

"I don't think so. Let's get down to business, then. What did you marry Clara for?"

As the reply was only a surprised start, John continued:

"I fear you married, as many young fellows do, simply to **get**, not to **give**. It's getting we're all after. First we want love, that indefinable something that can only be made clear in the experiences of life; then we want our meals cooked, our shirts washed, our stockings darned. These and a hundred other things a young man expects, but what does he give? Think a moment, Harvey Woodson, and be absolutely honest with yourself, what had you planned to give your wife. Oh, yes, I know; you thought of love and home and protection and such things, but you were to share them. What one thing have you given your wife that has been untinged by selfishness? Think about it. Wasn't everything to be so nice and comfortable and easy? All your sacrifices were to bring you a hundred fold of bliss. You were to give a bit of your muscular exertion for all the gifts and graces of the spirit. Don't you know that there are things vastly more precious than houses or lands, or fine dresses, or good things to eat? Some of these are a forbearing spirit, a willingness to forgive, a blindness to faults—and above all, a manly strength upon which a woman's weakness may rest and feel secure."

"Go on, I am listening."

"Another thing—and this is above all other reasons why you and Clara should cleave to each other, you two are husband and wife, not only for the few years of this life, but for the eternities beyond. You are now laying the foundation for the future. In the beginning of your married life you may have thought of each other as nearly perfect beings. You know better now, and that knowledge has upset you both, instead of being a help to you for the better adjusting of affairs. What then is the part of brave men and women? Why, to face the music, to meet the conditions and help each other to do the right. This will have to be done sooner

or later. You can't afford to be at outs with your wife, for some-time, somewhere in the future, all secrets must come to light, all wrongs must be righted. Begin now—believe me, it is easier than after a while."

The young husband arose and turned his face to the darkened window. He stood there for some minutes, both men being silent. Then he turned and asked, "What did Clara say last night?"

"She did not say much. I did most of the talking, as I am doing here with you; but she told me a lot without words. She is suffering, and she needs you."

"Does she care—does she want me?"

"Above everything else—just as you want her. . . . You two can't deceive yourselves, even as you can't deceive me."

"No; I guess not."

"Come here, Harve; I want to tell you something about myself that you do not know." The younger man sat down again. "You knew when you and I came out here together that I had been a married man, but had lost my wife."

"Yes; so you told me."

"My wife and I were together just a little longer than you and Clara have been. During that brief time, I grieve to say, we were often unwise enough to quarrel. I had a hasty temper, and she, (bless her memory) did not have wisdom enough to meet it in the right way. One day we fell out more violently than usual, and for days we went about without speaking to each other. Then she was smitten with a disease we knew very little about. I neglected her, thinking it was only a spell of stubbornness. I awoke when it was too late. She died within a week."

The ticking of the little clock on the shelf was all the sound that could be heard for a few moments. Then John resumed:

"Harve, I don't want you to have any such experience. That's another reason why I have come to you."

"I thank you," said Harvey in a subdued tone.

The conversation continued for another hour, Harvey taking more of a part. As they talked the spirit of depression departed, as it always does when the spirit of Christmas enters.

"Now," said John, "I must hurry home, as I have much to do to prepare for my little party this evening. Promise me you'll come."

Harvey thought for a moment, then said, "Yes, I'll come, and be glad of the chance."

"Good. Be early. Come prepared to stay with me all night. You ought to be glad to get out of this pesky place. Oh, if your mother could see those dishes!"

John Engleman had planned a party for Christmas Eve; here it was noon of the day, and all he had done was to invite the guests. He rode back to the village in great haste, planning further as he galloped along. The idea of the party had popped into his head when he had been talking to Clara—it seemed he was saying and doing all kinds of uncommon things on the spur of the moment. John had not even completely finished moving into his new quarters, so the first thing he did was to take a wagon load of furniture from the old house to the new one. He secured the services of a next-door neighbor to do some rapid house cleaning, and then he engaged Widow Brown, a near-by friend, as cook. After consulting her, he visited the village meat market. Turkeys or geese there were none, but there was plenty of tender meat. At the grocery store, John procured, besides the staples, some rosy apples and golden oranges. After the third trip with the market basket, there was enough on the kitchen table to feed a large company, for John had doubled the amounts suggested by the cook.

After seeing that things were well under way, John rode out to the Ridge after some greens with which he gave his rooms a holiday appearance. How busy the three workers were! John was here and there, carrying water and wood, putting up a stove and blackening it, doing errands first for one and then for the other of his helpers. The short winter day closed with the cleaning completed, and the cooking and baking well under way.

Promptly at the appointed time Harvey Woodson appeared, clean-shaven, fresh, smiling, and dressed in his best. He surveyed John's new home closely, never having been in it before.

"You must be going to get married," suggested Harvey good-naturedly.

"Oh, no; somebody else is."

The two men looked at each other understandingly. Harvey and Clara had gone through a form of marriage, but there was yet the binding power of the spirit to sanctify the union.

"I bought this house three months ago," explained John, as

he took his friend through the rooms. "I had to take it on a debt; but what to do with it now, I don't know. I would willingly let someone live in it rent free just to take care of it."

"Live in it yourself, John. It's cozy."

"But I'm going away." The announcement had been made, so, of course, he would have to carry the program out. This going away, being one of those spur-of-the-moment ideas, was yet somewhat vague; but really he had nothing to keep him at home, during the winter, at least. And yes; why not ask as a favor that Harvey and Clara live in and take care of his house until his return. They had none of their own.

"The fellow that built this house had an eye to his business," said John. "Here in the large front room is a dandy fireplace. See that carved mantle. That's his own work. He used to be a carver in the old country, I understand; but out here, in this wild and woolly west, he would starve on that business. The kitchen is fine—and everything so handy—isn't it Mrs. Brown?" The busy cook agreed with him. "And here's the bed room," continued the guide; "there's a big window in the south wall to admit plenty of sunshine. You'll have to excuse the bareness of the rooms, as you see I haven't had time to fix them up as I should have liked. You remain here a few moments while I go into the kitchen."

Harvey seated himself in the cosy-corner, fitted up where the bed should have been. A new, prettily-colored carpet covered the floor. White curtains hung before the window. The walls were tinted and adorned with a few pictures, among which were one of John Engleman, and another of a sweet-faced young woman—his wife. A small parlor stove warmed the room pleasantly, and a shaded lamp cast a warm glow over everything. Harvey felt quite at home.

In a few moments John came back. "Harvey," said he, "this room is dedicated to a sacred purpose. You are my guest, and I want you to do exactly as I tell you."

"Yes; what is it?"

"When the folks come, I want you to remain in this room. I will send someone in to you and close the door after her. You two are not to come out until I call you, for I shall be busy with the table, and you would be in the way. Do you understand?"

"Yes—but—"

"Hush, here they are now—you just do as I tell you." Foot-steps were at the door, and John hastened to meet his company.

"Come right in, folks," he gave them welcome. "A merry Christmas to you all."

He took Mr. Waite's hat and coat and laid them on a chair in the corner. Then he assisted Mrs. Waite with her wraps. He placed two chairs before the fire and bade the father and the mother to be seated.

Clara had taken off her wraps and stood holding them in her arms, not knowing what to do with them. It was for a moment only. John, adding her mother's wraps to her own, touched her on the arm, and led her towards the bed-room door.

"You'll find a place to hang them, in here," he said; then added in a lower voice, "Harvey is waiting for you in the room." Then before she had time to consider what action to take because of this announcement, she was pushed gently into the room and the door closed behind her.

Then how busy John Engleman became! To have seen him, one would have supposed that Widow Brown had neglected everything until the last moment, and there was a big company to provide for. He piled more cedar logs into the fireplace, rushed back and forth from the kitchen to the front room, fetched more water and wood from without, gave some finishing touches to the setting of the table, until the cook had to tell him to mind his own business, which was to entertain his company. This he tried to do, but he could not sit still long at a time. Thirty minutes passed. No sound came from the other room loud enough to be heard above the crackling of the cedar. At the end of an hour, the cook announced that all was about ready, but John was slow in asking his guests to sit up. At length, very deliberately, he went to the door and knocked on it.

"Do you want to come out now and have your supper?" he asked.

"Yes," came from within.

"Do you promise to be good children in the future?"

"Yes," said a voice which was plainly Harvey's.

"And the little girl?" continued the catechiser.

"I promise," said Clara.

"All right, then"—whereupon John opened wide the door

and the two stepped out. They were laughing, but that was only a disguise to cover up traces of tears that had been.

"Here's your places," directed the host. "We must hurry and sit down, or the supper will be cold, so saith the cook. Come, Mrs. Brown, put everything you can on the table, and sit down with us. We'll wait on each other as we always do."

Everything was "just lovely": the meat was juicy and tender; the mashed potatoes loomed like mountains of frozen cream; the pie melted in the mouth; the pudding had a "moreish" taste. The cook was happy, the father and mother were happy, Harvey and Clara were happy, and John Engleman—well, his was a peculiar kind of happiness, hard to describe. If the unseen Spirit of Christmas which formed part of that company could have spoken to mortal ears, the secret might have been told.

"Yes, I'm going East in a few days," John was saying, "and I think I shall also take a trip across the water to old England. Very likely I shall be away all winter; but Harvey and Clara here are going to be so kind as to live in my house and keep it straight until I come back."

Clara stopped eating her pie to listen in amazement.

"You know," John went on without apparently noticing her, "a house runs down very much when it is not occupied. It will be a great favor to me, Harvey, if you two will live right here and look after it."

Harvey looked at Clara as if asking her to reply, and she looked at John. What she saw in John's face, and what thoughts were in her mind, again no one but the Spirit of Christmas might tell, but what he saw in that shining face turned to him repaid him again for what he was doing.

"Do you really want us to?" she asked.

"Really and truly. This place and everything in it is yours until I come back. Will you keep it in trust for me?"

"Yes, if Harvey is willing?" said she.

"We'll do the best we can," he replied.

"Good—that's right—the best you can, for me and for each other. Remember that, always and always—but here, you two newly married people, you have hardly eaten anything—have another piece of pie."

The Economics of Agriculture

BY A. F. CARDON

[This paper was read by the author at the annual M. I. A. officers' convention of the Utah stake. He was complimented by the officers and teachers, competent to judge, as having presented a paper containing splendid material, though the author states, as an excuse for reluctance to have it published, that it was prepared in a remarkably short given time. Students of the Senior Manual, and all who are interested in the ownership of land and the development of farms and farm methods, will find this paper especially helpful and interesting. —EDITORS.]

It will be impossible to overemphasize the importance and far-reaching scope of the economics of agriculture. In the making of a citizen, economics always has, and always will be, a most vital force affecting him as strongly, we are bound to say, if not more strongly, than any other life factor. Man's dominant desire to live well and perpetuate himself, holds its dynamic value in his physical welfare, or his economic concerns. Take, then, that basic life pursuit—the production of food products by soil cultivation—and you have, for contemplation and consideration, a most absorbing and potent problem.

The land and its products made civilized man, or made man civilized. Its possession, or the possession of its products, concerns every human being on the face of the earth, with the possible exception of those dull fishermen of the farthest arctic regions. Soil tillage, soil ownership, and soil control, affect all men to a greater or a less degree; and it is noticeable that as man becomes more highly cultured, the greater is his concern for those subjects.

Directly in keeping with this assertion is the history of peoples. Primitive people held communal possession; as progress was made, individual ownership resulted, and, too, the most intensive cultivation. Only among the most highly advanced races does one find intensive farming, and I do not overlook China and Japan when I say this. So it is by no means strange that

we in the United States are suddenly confronting the problem of small farms and intensive cultivation. Our civilization and culture are demanding intelligent consideration of the problems of food production, and especially is this so, as we are beginning to confront a shortage in land.

This shortage in land is strange to us, because we have been approaching it, unknowingly, for such a long period. Accustomed prodigality in the matter of farm lands gave us the notion that "out west" lay an unlimited supply; but by 1890 the western frontier absorbed practically the last of such land and the American had no further opportunity to acquire from his government a free home as he had done formerly. The history of this free homesteading is filled with valuable lessons, for it comprises an account of the most remarkable acquisition of a vast empire by a sovereign people that has ever occurred in the history of the world.

The American government has controlled, in one way or another, more than one billion acres of land which has been surveyed and platted rectangularly in such a way as to make land location very simple and easy. The problem of the government was how best to dispose of these vast tracts of land, as governmental development was not considered advisable. The problem was largely one of making over land titles to citizens upon those terms most conducive to the development of a strong citizenship. Taking a leaf from the experience of the nations of the world, that citizen is the best who owns his own home and works for himself and family; therefore, to give him ample land on which to build his home, rear his family and make his own living, was the plan provided. The spectacle was new for the nations. Here a government began a systematic campaign to give away the best part of a great continent. The land was being restored to the people, and all for the purpose of making that people strong, free and intelligent. And therein would the nation most benefit and forge ahead.

The plan has proved to be correct; a wonderful citizenship, in many respects, has resulted. By no less than four principal methods did the people obtain the land for their own. Pre-emption privileges enabled the prospective farmer to purchase outright his land. Or he could make a homestead entry, if he

was the head of a family, whereby he obtained 160 acres by living a certain time upon the property. By these two methods most of the land in the humid belt of the nation went to the homesteader. Then these lands were exhausted. Only the great arid regions remained. To these lands was brought, in part, the great system of irrigation, introduced and fostered, largely, by the "Mormons"; but so limited is the scope of irrigation that the vast regions that can be brought under cultivation through dry farming has created the enlarged homestead act. By this act thousands of acres will be brought under cultivation which would have otherwise remained untouched and non-productive. Dry farming will reveal great treasures in these barren lands of the western country.

As for the land already acquired from the government and in the hands of the people, its ownership is usually transferred to succeeding generations by inheritance or gift. Often by these processes fortunes in lands are lost because of profitable farms falling into incompetent and sometimes disreputable hands. The economic loss from such mismanagement perhaps cannot be averted, and must, therefore, be endured. The highest economic value to the community abides in that farmer who is the opposite of the inheritor, who acquires his land by dint of wise saving, for he comes to know the value of his farm and seeks accordingly to get the utmost from his holdings.

A national example of the farmer who saves is found in France, where every farmer saves something. He either becomes owner of his farm or else puts his money in banks to accumulate to the nation's financial benefit. France, so the papers indicate of late, has forced Germany to favorable terms in the Moroccan controversy, because she held German bonds about to fall due. By virtue of her money-saving population—a population largely agricultural—she has averted one of the most significant crises of the present century. Agricultural savings are most important.

I do not think much of the doctrine of marginal utility to be taught, according to the manual, in connection with this subject. The doctrine is a very difficult one to understand thoroughly, and can be very easily dispensed with in a popular course such as is supposed to be given in the mutuals. The important thing to be driven home is *to save*. Every farmer boy knows

that he cannot save unless he has a margin above the cost of production; common sense tells him that. But economics should teach him something further—that cost of production differs largely with the tastes and abilities of the producers, and that he should seek to hammer that cost down.

Mortgages and credit may both be carefully considered by every farmer. Quite frequently the use of mortgages is paradoxical. Only a very careful farmer should mortgage, and he usually does not need to. It is the mediocre or incompetent farmer who most frequently seeks to place a mortgage on his property, and the chances for his failure are so many that he really lies in grave danger of losing his possessions. Particularly is this the case when dealing with many of the private loaning institutions in existence. The co-operative associations, such as the manual describes, seem to be far better to deal with, especially those of Germany, where high motives and strict adherence to the interests of the community prevail in the policy of the organizations. A thorough study of these German methods could result in much practical good for mutual boys.

It will be observed that Germany, largely as a result of co-operative efforts, is a nation of landowning farmers, only 16.42 per cent of her farms being leased lands; while in France only 47.2 per cent of her cultivated area is in the hands of the cultivator. While these figures do not give a proper basis for comparison, yet Germany seems to have that system which gives her farmers their own land more quickly than does the slow process of saving common to France. Much could be said of both systems, much more than what I could do at present at any profit to you. With a partial sense of proprietorship the farmer does better than as a tenant.

And if there is a subject touched upon in this manual that should be emphasized more than another, it is that of farm ownership. No social or economic condition should be encouraged or leniently tolerated by the Saints, which would lend encouragement to tenancy. Not that tenancy should be forbidden, for by it very often young men get a start which they otherwise might never have; but rather such organizations for loaning at equitable rates be made, rather such moral tone for doing for one's self and becoming economically independent, hold sway over the land.

The sense of ownership stirs the best in man, while renting subverts the independent, self-reliant spirit.

Certainly in this arid state of ours we have ample room for all who desire farms. There are at least twenty-two million acres here susceptible to cultivation; nearly twenty million acres remain to be tilled. In short, only one-tenth of Utah's farming land is being farmed, nine-tenths more are waiting for that sturdy young man who desires to become independent. We are just scratching on the edge of a garden now; the wise, independent young farmer of the future will really till the vast fertile bed.

If four hundred thousand people now possess our state, with only one-tenth of her possible farming lands touched, surely four million people can find their homes here when all is in use. In the arid west alone, so it has been computed, if the same intensive farming should prevail as in Japan, calculating the same fertility and the same growing months for both places, there could exist an empire of one hundred million people. Just think of the latent possibilities of our arid region; think of the accomplishments of reclamation and dry farming; think of the field open for irrigation; then preach the gospel of soil ownership to those young men fitted by temperament and circumstances for farming.

In marketing the produce of the farm lies a problem which has long concerned the producer and the consumer: the former, because he has so signally failed in times past to maintain stable prices for his goods, and has been so unmercifully fleeced by the middlemen; the latter, because his cost of living has been juggled seemingly at will by some force connected with marketing. Price is ordinarily considered to be the result of supply and demand, and today we say that sugar goes up because the supply is less than the demand. In the ultimate analysis that is so, so we can teach that doctrine with safety; but the many intervening conditions check, hinder, or wholly subvert, the free working of this law. From the farm to the kitchen is a long ways in our modern complex society; and the associations, secret organizations, secret poolings, and vast army of middlemen of various sorts, besides the intricate network of collecting and distributing mechanism, have all contributed to influence the price so that it could be raised or lowered as the various factors saw fit and could combine. Yet,

nevertheless, no matter how thoroughly the intervening factors are organized and can work, serious shortage or excess of crops surely influence the price. So the farmer can form co-operative associations for his own protection, such as are described in the manual, and by so doing fight those forces which tend to give him small returns for his produce; but the larger factors of supply and demand surely mold matters in spite of him.

Usually these co-operative associations have miscarried because business men have not had them in charge, or else crop disposal was comparatively easy. With the coming of keener competition, the farmers have been forced to adopt strictly business principles, and to hold together against the wholesale dealers. When farmers' organizations are financially successful, however, they can easily be made as tyrannous as the most ferocious trusts of our times. And more so, even. The great bugaboo of the future in the economic world is the prospect for some great trust to monopolize the output of the farms, and that trust can be made up of co-operating farmers. Monopoly, or successful partial monopoly, of farm products can work untold hardships upon the people. Let selfish human nature assert itself, even among the farming class, and one-half the consumers suffer more than from any other monopoly.

As to the training and organization of farmers, again too much emphasis cannot be made. Farms have been deserted by thousands of young men because they have been mismanaged and fearfully neglected. To train the farmer along scientific lines and to organize his forces under efficient management will mean increased farm returns, and the keeping of the young to the healthful occupation of tilling the soil. The government has lent a powerful aid to the communal body by establishing agricultural colleges, where every phase of agricultural life has been made the subject of scientific study and instruction. Educate and organize the farmer along correct principles, and the nation is protected against decay, and liberty insured to the people.

I cannot possibly overemphasize the great advantages to be gained by a careful, thorough, and thoughtful study of this manual. It is only suggestive in its scope; the field is broad and needs much tilling by the class leader and the scholar. But I desire to point out what I view as most fundamental in these five

lessons which I have necessarily so hastily and superficially reviewed:

First: The wonderful disposal of an empire of farm lands, the simple system by which the work was done, and the fact that it was done to give to free people free farms, that their descendants might remain free.

Second: As well as the continuation of the first lesson, the liberality of the government in providing ways for disposing of arid lands that long had been regarded as deserts, a movement allied with conservation.

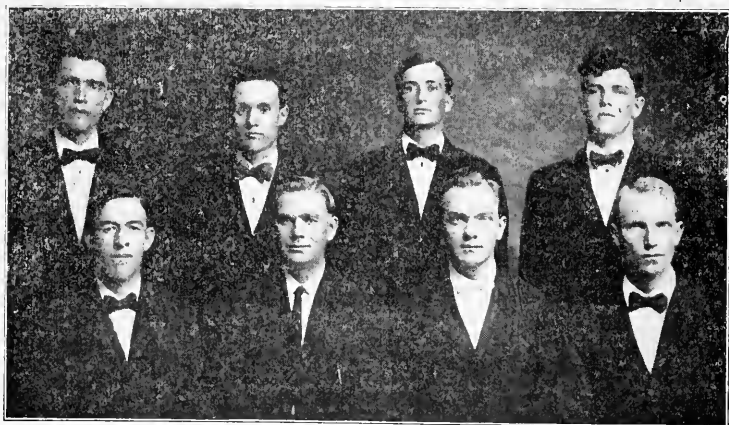
Third: Saving and co-operation as factors in keeping the people free and independent owners of the soil.

Fourth: What co-operation of producers can do for their own betterment, and what they can do to maintain high cost of living to needy people.

Fifth: Scientific agricultural education, as a factor in forming citizenship of the highest type, and in making the farm a highly organized and skillfully managed productive agency.

These things, truly taught, should be constructive to the youth of Zion; they should aid him materially in finding his place in the community, and in improving his citizenship.

PROVO UTAH.



ELDERS OF THE ARKANSAS CONFERENCE.

Top row, left to right: Elders Stewart McClellan, Union, Oregon, J. H. Wilson, La Grande, Oregon, Geo. Bradshaw, Wellsville, Utah, J. T. Jessop, Millville, Utah. Bottom row, A. E. Bushman, St. Joseph, Ariz., R. G. Judd, Burley, Idaho, G. A. Stocking, (Conference President), Malad, Idaho, Herbert Brown, Roy, Utah.

The Open Road

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY
SAINTS UNIVERSITY

ADVENTURE V.—IN WHICH BROCKETTS PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN.

On that point of going to America, Brocketts was clear. If he did not go now, he would go when he could. That was decided. And so he began planning to bring about this desirable end.

First, he endeavored to put himself in as good a way as possible with the three seamen who had expressed their intention of crossing the Atlantic. He was freer with them now than he had been. He sought them often. He talked with them and drew out endless narratives like those he had listened to that morning by the shadowful candle light—like all but one. For if there is any short cut to an old tar's heart, that way lies in getting him to tell sea tales and then accepting them yourself as his personal experiences. And the result was in this case that the three seamen developed a fondness for the boy.

"And what kind of country is America?" he had asked Max, as the two stood against the taff-rail.

Max had his broad, unshapely hand flattened out against the rail—that very hand in which Brocketts' own hand had been, once upon a time, when they had gone along the road to Vinningen and whence Brocketts had not returned. That was the hand that had done him and others of his kin such mischief.

"Well, it's a big country—bigger'n all Bavaria, maybe bigger'n all the land where the Rhine flows. The Abbot says so. He's been there, he says; I ain't."

"It must be a grand country," Brocketts added, "'cause so many go from Germany there. They *do* go from Germany to America, don't they?"

"Yes, a good many do, that's a cinch; and I warrant the country's better'n this, else they wouldn't go."

"Do you know, Max, that *I'd* like to go to America?"

"Would you now?" Max looked at the boy. "Say," he said presently, "can you keep a secret?"

"Keep it so's a tug of war couldn't pull it out of me!" answered Brocketts quickly.

"Well, *I'm going* to America." Very softly, for a seaman.

Max had evidently forgotten about that morning in the bunkhouse. Or had he supposed Brocketts had fallen asleep again? The men had heard nothing from him after those questions about the stolen boy, and the head had been withdrawn into the bunk. But, anyway, most men indiscreetly ignore the presence of boys, as if a boy now and then didn't have ears in exactly inverse ratio to his size.

But he continued: "Adam and the Abbot's going, too. The Abbot says there's a place called Californy where all you have to do is to kick the dirt and pick up nuggets of gold. It's a land of gold—I wonder everybody ain't gone there."

The reader must not mistake the date of this story on account of Max's allusion to our western coast state. Everybody knows that gold was found there in 1849. But even good news—or, unfortunately, in some cases it proved to be bad news—like this takes a long time to reach the inland countries of Europe. And besides the glamor of this event took longer to pass away everywhere outside of California than it did to come. This conversation happened more than twenty years afterwards.

"I suppose, though," hinted Brocketts, "you've got plenty of money to pay your way there?"

"Not a pfennig, boy, not a pfennig—leastways, not for passage. We're all going to work our way across to New York. We know the Captain of the MARIA PINTA, and we're to be taken over as hands. Old Behner don't know this yet."

"Do they ever need boys on the big ships?"

"Course they do!"

"And do they ever work *their* way over sea, like you're going to do?"

"Sure!"

"Then maybe I can go over to America! You wouldn't mind my going with you, would you?"

"Sure not—I wouldn't. And I'll speak to Captain Gunderson. He'll be at Rotterdam when we get there."

At Rotterdam the three seamen abruptly left the *WALRUS*, after drawing their pay, without saying a word to the captain of their intention to quit his service. What their purpose or motive might be Brocketts was wholly at a loss to fathom. When it was decided that he could go on the *MARIA PINTA* and work his passage across the sea to New York, he went to Captain Behner.

"I'm going to leave you now," he said.

"What? Going to leave me!"

"Yes, sir."

"And what's that for? Ain't I treated you right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ain't I give you enough money?"

"Yes, sir."

In truth, the captain had paid him more than he had expected.

"Well, then, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I just want to quit." Brocketts was too chary to say more than was necessary. Something might happen to prevent his sailing for the Land of Hope. But he wanted to leave the captain on good terms. Seeing the way in which Behner took the matter, he added: "It won't put you out any, will it?"

"No; but I've taken a liking to you. You've done your work well, and I like you. But if you want to leave, of course, it's all right with me. I don't want to tie any strings on you."

And so Brocketts boarded the *MARIA PINTA* as a hand. It was a fine vessel for those days—larger than Brocketts even dreamed a steamship could be. There were upwards of five hundred passengers on board, though it carried tons and tons of merchandise down there in the bottom of the hull. They sailed through the Strait of Dover and the English Channel, and then almost due west to America.

That was a hard voyage in more than one respect for poor Brocketts. He was sick part of the way. But he had to work, sick or well, for Captain Gunderson was a different sort of man from Captain Behner. The fare, too, was coarse—the biscuits were hard enough to knock a man down with, and only the hot soup could reduce them to an edible state. He did not complain, though, for it was all of his own seeking. It required just thirty-two days to go from Rotterdam to New York.

Leaving the MARIA PINTA—the three German seamen with huge regrets, for they were rough men used to the hard knocks of the sea; the German boy with none, for to him that was an undesirable life—the migrating four landed in the noisy harbor, high of hope, but thin of purse, to traverse a continent in search of an easy fortune.

ADVENTURE VI.—WHICH TELLS WHAT HAPPENED IN THE LAND
OF THE SHALLOW WATERS.

This particular camp fire merely acted like any decent camp fire on which you throw unexpectedly a quantity of brush, partly green. It showed a smudgy face, which said, as plainly as could be, that it had half a mind to go out and never come back again.

"You've put the thing out of commission, Brocketts," said a voice at his elbow.

But the fire crackled softly and sent up into the prairie sky a beautiful column of white smoke—a tribute to the green brush. It would not have done even this much, though, if Brocketts had not fanned it with his hat; for camp fires, like some people, love to be coaxed and wheedled. Whereupon it burst into the cheeriest blaze you ever looked at.

All unconscious that it was only a lone fire on a wide Nebraska prairie, miles away from any human habitation—unless old Caesar Bodkin with his squaw wife and eight papooses, who lived ever so far off, and seven other families like his, only with more papooses, scattered over as many broad quarter-sections of land, might be classed under this category. All unconscious, too, that three men and a boy, bedraggled so their own mothers, if they ever had any, would not know them, were sitting or reclining around its comfortable warmth.

There was the twelve-year-old Brocketts, first of all, a bit weary and hungry, but with no discouraging lines on his face. There was Max sitting dejectedly hugging his knees, fagged out inexpressibly. There also was Adam, sitting in the same posture, the most bedraggled of all, as being older, but with more of the dog's look on his face. The Abbot lay stretched out on a blanket near the fire, breathing heavily and groaning with fever and pain. A wheelbarrow, also tired of life and action, tipped up on its side

and one leg, sat disconsolately looking into the fire. A box had spilled its contents angrily at the feet of the barrow and would not pick themselves up.

"Well, this huntin' gold ain't what it's cracked up to be!" Max burst forth, evidently to the fire, which answered by crackling louder and eating up more fuel. The Abbot groaned a timely acquiescence to the sentiment.

"'Tain't that," Adam corrected. "It's the bigness of this blasted continent. That fish at Omaha said we'd got barely half way—curse him for a felon!"

Nature, you see, who made the big continent, escaped censure, and the man who merely recorded the fact of its bigness came in for all of poor Adam's spleen.

The Abbot groaned again. Brocketts took a cloth dampened it in a small lard-pail of fresh water and spread it out over the sick man's forehead. The boy was greatly disturbed over the Abbot.

"I feel all right about it," said the boy. "I c'n go another thousand miles, as long's we have plenty to eat."

"That's because your bones ain't bones—they're gristle, an' don't creak whenever you move." This from Adam.

"Anyway, I don't see as that's any reason we shouldn't have supper," Brocketts added, changing the disagreeable subject and going immediately about the task of preparing the meal.

And, indeed, it stood in sore need of being changed. When the four started out from New York, on foot and pushing by turns a loaded wheelbarrow, everybody was full of spirits—of the immaterial kind, I mean. It was only those absurd Yankees whom they passed on their way that seemed full of the other kind, to look in their faces! But the farther they went and the farther they pushed that barrow, the lower did the barometer of their feelings sink, till now it had gone past zero and was ready to freeze everything stiff. And their customary strong nature had risen proportionately into strong language. Of course it will not do to set all that down in these pages—not, mind you, because it could not be translated; for our American vernacular is especially rich in that kind of explosives. But for other reasons. The unguarded word of the miserable "fish" at Omaha as to the immense stretches of country over which they had come, but more concerning

the immense stretches of country over which they must go in order to reach their destination; the fact, if it was a fact, which Brocketts doubted, that a severe winter with hard frost and great depths of snow in the mountains had been ordered for their especial benefit; and the sickness of the Abbot—all these things proved too much for the ambition and avarice of three sailors pushing a wheelbarrow over the uneven surface of America.

However that may be, though, Brocketts got out the "spider," fried some bacon and potatoes on the now tractable fire, got out some bread from among the spilled contents of the barrow, and the simple repast was ready. Nor were Max and Adam so loath to partake of it when it was prepared. The Abbot, of course, could eat nothing.

There was no further conversation. The fire blazed up again, having been replenished with another armful of brush, and the sick man breathed a melancholy accompaniment. For a long time the silence continued.

"I'll not go a step farther!"

The men and the boy looked around. There was the Abbot sitting up, ghastly white and spectral, eyes staring frightfully in the light. Only a second or two he sat thus, for presently he sank back like lead. And the meal went on—only, with a heavier silence.

This had been the sole protest of the poor Abbot ever since he began to ail. "I'll not go a step farther!" he had cried again and again. But this was the last time he was to say it.

"The Abbot's dead!" Brocketts exclaimed excitedly, when he went to replace the wet cloth on the man's forehead. He turned suddenly the pallor of the dead man.

The others did not even look up. They knew it already.

That night the three took turns watching the dead—as if *he* needed watching—and to keep up the fire.

The next morning, as soon as it was light enough, Brocketts was sent three miles forward to Caesar Bodkin's for a pick and shovel, and when he returned, the last rites, simple and rude, were done for their dead comrade.

And when *that* was finished, the three looked moodily into one another's faces. It required no second glance at those faces to see that the boy and the men were on opposite sides.

"Will ye give in now?" Max asked.

"What difference should this make?" inquired Brocketts in answer, as he moved his hand in the direction of the fresh-turned earth. "We're only three instead of four. Three can make it."

"Two might make it," Adam said, looking at Max, "but three *won't* in this case! And you can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"No more won't *two* make it!" Max fairly shouted, ungrammatically.

"Why?" asked the boy, simply. "I want to know."

They stared at him incredulously. You see, adventurers in search of gold never have been so persevering, once they have come upon a difficulty, as those who have been actuated by any other motive, like religion or freedom or love. Brocketts was not made of the stuff that gives up easily and, with his higher purpose in getting to the golden country, he could see no reason for giving up.

Max and Adam together enumerated the points in favor of going back. They could not stand another thousand miles of worse country than they had come over.

But they had stood *that*, Brocketts urged.

Very true, but a hard winter was coming on, and people were known to have perished by the hundreds in the mountains, and here were they—only three!

But could they not go back to Omaha for the winter? Brocketts would concede that much.

They could, but they wouldn't. That was certain. And then, even if they went on at any future time, there would be the danger of going through the "Mormon" town.

Well, Utah wasn't such a big town, Brocketts ventured, that it couldn't be gone round. That's most likely what others had done, anyhow.

It might be, but they were not going to risk it. They didn't need money badly enough to die for it, as the Abbot had done, poor fellow.

There lay the true reason, though Brocketts did not press the point—the terror that had seized upon their hearts at the death of the Abbot. The boy did not tell them *his* reason for what they imagined his pig-headedness, and they did not divine it. They

imagined it to be a love of gold like theirs. It *was* love of gold, though not for the gold's sake, but for the long search it would help him to make.

"There'll have to be a division, then," Max said.

It appeared so to Brocketts.

"Take your choice of the things, boy," Max added, magnanimously.

There was the wheelbarrow with the supply of food, there was the bedding, and there were two guns and a revolver.

Brocketts took the wheelbarrow, part of the food supplies, and the forty-four Colt's.

The three shook hands, a lump in their throats, and wishes of success for each other on their lips. Then the two shouldered their rifles and their bag of provisions, and trudged backward over the trail they had followed five days before.

Brocketts sat on the handle of his barrow till the two figures grew smaller and smaller in the distance. This was a hard lot he had chosen, and required almost more courage than he could muster—more than he would have thought he could muster a few days before. The lump grew painful in his throat. He suddenly became unutterably lonely. The only two persons on the earth he had been friendly with were fast disappearing behind a sand dune. And there lay the only other one he had ever really cared for, under three feet of earth. He had half a mind to follow the two. But he did not. He watched the retreating forms till they were out of sight, and then, picking up the handles of the barrow, he pushed his way in the direction of his hopes in the Golden West.

(To be continued.)



A STREET IN WOODRUFF, UTAH.



Here happy lovers pass the hours away,
The stranger muses on the scene apart;
Law, Record, Agriculture, Treasure, Art,
War, Patents, Justice—set in due array—
There loom the Public Buildings, vast and gray;
And there the statues from the darkness start—
Those who in History have made their part—
Make one of Peace and War the power to weigh.

And there, afar beyond the dusky trees,
Flanked by the silent City of the Dead,
The Manor's front on Arlington's faint height,
And lo, the dizzy Monument one sees—
Erect and o'er it dreamy moonlight shed—
The shaft to Washington, all spirit white!

Tour of the Tabernacle Choir

BY DAVID A. SMITH, OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC

After months of hard work at rehearsals, on Monday, October 23, 1911, at 6 p. m., two hundred of the sweet singers of Zion boarded an Oregon Short Line train, in Salt Lake City, Utah, preparatory to taking a 5,500-mile pilgrimage through the east. Accompanying the singers were some fifty tourists, most of them being the husbands, wives, mothers, brothers or sisters of some of the choir members. During the day each member of the party had been assigned to his or her car and berth. The occupants of each car were organized with a captain and lieutenant, whose duties were to look after them, both spiritually and temporally.

Hundreds of people had gathered at the station to wish their friends and loved ones success and happiness on their journey. The first concert to be given was at Ogden, and you may imagine the joy of the party on learning that Presidents Joseph F. Smith, Anthon H. Lund, and Bishop Charles W. Nibley, had decided to accompany the party to Ogden.

To take a look into the train, as it left Salt Lake City, one would wonder at the excitement, but upon closer scrutiny, he would find that dress-suits and white shirts were being unpacked by the men, and adjusted to their persons, as fast as possible, in the small dressing rooms of the cars. The ladies likewise were clothing themselves in white, and preparing for their first concert away from their home city, though they were received in Ogden as her own. After the concert, as the singers were hurrying to the train, which was to be their home for four weeks, Manager George D. Pyper was happily surprised by President Smith, who announced that the presidency had decided to appropriate sufficient funds for the choir to visit the scenes of early Church history, provided these visits could be made.

On the 24th, a concert was given at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and, through the courtesy of the Union Pacific railroad, we arrived at Omaha two hours earlier than schedule. Manager Pyper had telegraphed ahead, asking that electric cars meet the party at the

station and convey them to Florence. Upon arrival there, those who were familiar with the history of this place were besieged with questions concerning it. Conductor Evans Stephens was seen standing upon an elevation telling how the Saints in early days were landed here and fitted out for their journey across the plains. Concluding his remarks, he said: "I walked from here to the valley once, and if the people don't come out to our concerts, I believe I can do it again; although I much prefer the train."

In Chicago, all were the guests of the International Harvester company, through the efforts of Mr. George T. Odell, manager of the Consolidated Wagon and Machine company. During the day, they provided a most excellent luncheon, after which sight-seeing automobiles were furnished, and the party taken to see the city. An invitation had been extended to the choir by the Kimball Organ company to take dinner with them, but through failure to deliver a telegram the invitation was not accepted, much to the regret of all.

As the party stepped off the train in Detroit, Michigan, a string of fifty-seven automobiles met their gaze. These had been provided by the Studebaker company, through the solicitation of Mr. Quigley, their local manager. During the day they visited the plant of the "E. M. F." automobile, and saw every detail of construction. While the attendance at the concerts given had been small so far, except at Ogden, the audiences had warmed up and shown by their applause that they appreciated the singing. At this place, Detroit, the good women had worked earnestly to persuade the people not to attend the concert. But the people thereby became curious, and that night the house was filled with a cold, unsympathetic audience. As the sweet tones of the music fell upon their ears, however, they gradually laid aside their prejudice, and forgot that they were looking upon and listening to the dreaded "Mormons." The applause increased and prolonged, and encores were demanded. At the close of the concert, that once cold, misinformed audience filed out of the building praising the work of the "Mormons," having seen and heard for themselves.

The next morning, the 28th, upon awakening, the party found themselves in the city of Toledo, Ohio, where concerts were given in the afternoon and evening. While the audiences here were small, they were manifestly pleased. During the night, Cleveland,

Ohio, was reached. As soon as the party could get breakfast, a special train which had been provided took them to Willoughby. Here they were met with automobiles, carriages, and farm wagons to convey them to Kirtland. It was an ideal day, the 29th, clear, and just cold enough to be comfortable. As the wagons, which were heavily loaded, commenced to climb the hill upon which the temple rests, the eager pilgrims, feeling that they were not being conveyed fast enough, forsook their vehicles and, almost running, reached the summit and stood facing the first house erected to the Lord in this latter day. They were met at the door by Mr. Miller of the Reorganized Church, who was in charge. He invited them in, and then gave a lecture relating to the history of the building. He referred to some of the revelations given there, notably the one recorded in the 110th section of the DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS. It was noticeable that he confined his remarks chiefly to explaining how this revelation was received, and not to the importance of its contents. He read from the first to the seventh verses, and called attention to the prophecy contained in the tenth verse, saying that this had been fulfilled, for people from all over the world had visited it, and that picture postal-cards had been mailed broadcast. But the singers could also see a mind-picture of Moses committing the keys of the gathering of Israel, of Elias committing the dispensation of the gospel, and of Malachi testifying that he should come before the great and dreadful day of the Lord to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse. At the conclusion of Mr. Miller's remarks, he said: "We believe that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and I believe that you believe it." He then asked that the choir sing. Brother Stephens stood upon a chair, and Brother E. P. Kimball seated himself at the organ. He commenced to play the song, "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet." Brother Stephens raised his baton, and oh, what tones of music! It was the voice of angels, for never before did the choir sing with such feeling; and, as they looked back upon the past, their eyes were wet with tears and their voices subdued with humility. At the close, Mr. Miller arose and said that at the beginning he had stated, "I *believe* you believe Joseph Smith was a prophet of God; now I can say that I *know* you believe he was a prophet of God."

After spending a few hours visiting the historic scenes and

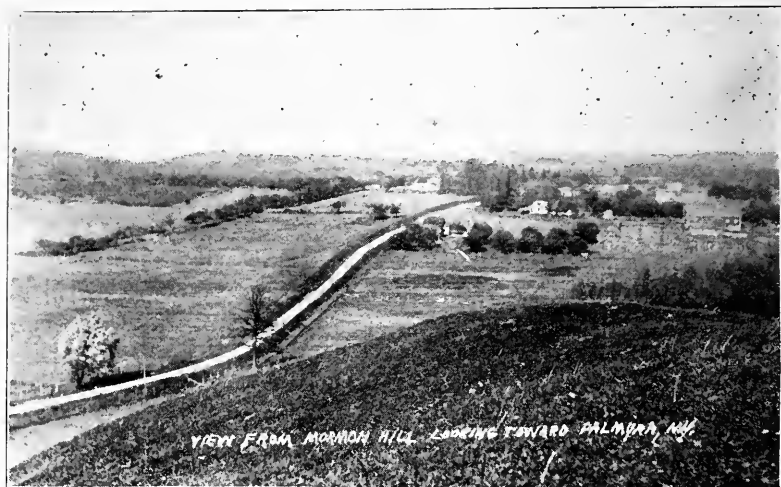
buildings, the party returned to Cleveland and prepared for their concert. The next day Niagara Falls was visited, and varied were the experiences of the party that day. At night a concert was given at Rochester, New York, another cold, curious audience being present, but they left with their former opinions somewhat shattered.



The Hill Cumorah, where the Prophet Joseph found the Plates of the Book of Mormon.

The next morning, October 31, at 8:30 o'clock, the party reached Palmyra. Here they found automobiles and carriages awaiting, to take them to the Hill Cumorah. All were taken to the hill through the rain. They climbed its slopes to the summit, and sang the hymn, "An Angel from on High." From here they were taken to the home of Joseph Smith. They were shown the room where the BOOK OF MORMON was translated, the room that he occupied when he was informed by an angel of the golden plates. Thence they went to the grove in which he received his first vision, and there they sang "Joseph Smith's First Prayer." Upon returning to the train all voted it had been one of the most interesting and enjoyable days of the trip. That evening a concert was given at Syracuse, New York. The following day one of the newspapers stated that the singing was excellent, and if they could esteem the singers as Christians, they would be glad to invite them back.

From Syracuse they continued their pilgrimage to Scranton, Pennsylvania. In this city they found a music-loving populace. The work of the choir was known, and a number of the choir members had friends residing there. Many seats were unoccupied, but nevertheless the reception was a warm one. Judge Edward, who led the Welch choir in Chicago, in 1893, stated that this was



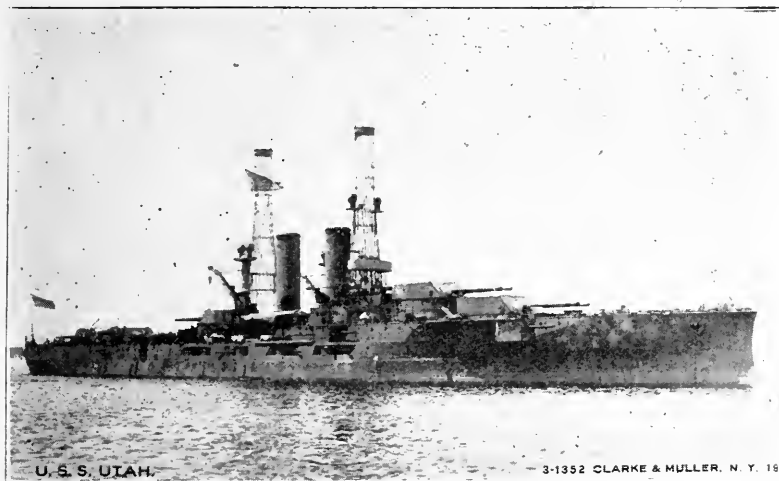
A view from the Hill Cumorah, looking toward Palmyra, N. Y.

the greatest singing he had ever heard, and that the choir need not fear any New York audience.

The next morning, November 1, found the choir approaching New York. The ferry took the company across to Nineteenth street. On the way, a first class view of one of Uncle Sam's fighting machines, anchored in the river, was obtained. All hurried to the hotel, re-adjusted their clothing, and rushed to the river front to see the great Atlantic squadron sail out to sea. It was a wonderful sight. That evening was to be the choir's first appearance in New York, for they had been invited to sing at a banquet given by Mr. Arthur E. Stilwell, president of the American Land and Irrigation Exposition, at the Waldorf-Astoria. Here the singers were well received. The men at the tables stood upon their chairs and waved their napkins, while the women, in the galleries, were vigorous with demonstration. After the sing-

ing, the choir was conducted into another banquet hall, where tables were spread in the same building, with the same host, but oh, how different! In place of wine, which had been so much in evidence at the other tables, the glasses were filled with clear, sparkling water. There was no odor of tobacco, and the atmosphere was clear!

On the following day, November 2, it being Sunday, the little mission meeting house in New York, at 126th street, was filled to overflowing, and for the first time since leaving home the sacrament was partaken of. During the stay in New York every minute was occupied, either in sight-seeing, or in attending concerts, one being given at Madison Square Garden, each afternoon and evening. One of the notable events of the twelve days' stay



The Battleship "Utah."

here was the participation in the presentation of the silver service, November 6, to the battleship UTAH. The warship did not look large, as she sat upon the water, but when the invited guests, six hundred in all, and seven hundred boys in blue, were on board, her magnitude could readily be realized, for the whole company were sheltered by the two big guns at her bow. The "Star-Spangled Banner," and "Utah, We Love Thee" (the latter composed specially for the occasion), were sung with spirit, by the choir.

Another pleasure was the visit to the mansion of former Senator W. A. Clark, through an invitation to Professor McClellan. This palatial building is both wonderful and grand, and but few are permitted to inspect it, as did the choir.

An invitation was extended to the choir, Saturday, November 11th, by Miss Maude Adams, their talented and respected townswoman, to attend as her guests the theater in which she was playing. This was actuated by a letter written to her extending



The Sacred Grove, where Joseph Smith held communion with the Angel, near Palmyra, New York.

greeting, and a wish for continued success, signed by all members of the choir, and left in the theater at Syracuse, where she was to appear the following evening. After the performance, the choir sang "Auld Lang Syne," bringing tears to the eyes of the hostess, who invited all to the stage, where she shook each one by the hand. She expressed herself as being more than pleased to greet them, especially so on this day, it being the anniversary of her birth.

From the theater all went to the Astor Hotel, where a few songs were sung, and where refreshments were served. That night, being the closing night of the landshow, the choir was invited to attend a banquet given in their honor at the Waldorf-Astoria, Mr. Arthur E. Stilwell being host. It was a very happy

event, greatly appreciated by the singers. Mr. Stilwell had shown himself to be a friend, for he attended every concert given in New York, and at the close of this banquet he stated that he had never heard such excellent singing in his life. He regretted not having banqueted the singers every night, and stated that while he had not been to Utah, his acquaintance with the singers had endeared her people to him.

The following day was spent in preparing for the homeward



The Tabernacle Choir on the Summit of Cumorah.

journey. A concert was given in the Hippodrome in the evening. On Monday, the 13th, the company arrived in Philadelphia, where the Independence Hall, Carpenter's Hall, home of Betsy Ross, and many other historic places, were visited, rather hurriedly, however, for another concert was to be given that night.

The next morning, the 14th, found the party in Baltimore, and the next day, the 15th, in Washington. This city, with its wide, clean streets, was the only one that could be compared with our own. Here it was learned that the President of the United States would be unable to attend the concert, which was to be given in the afternoon, but that he would be pleased to have the

choir sing for him at the White House in the evneing. That day small parties of the company could be seen going to and from the various government buildings with scarcely time to look around. Thus in a few short hours the wonders of our National Capital were seen. No, one was yet to come, for, at 9 p. m., they were ushered into the presence of President William H. Taft, and his good wife, who greeted them all with a hearty handshake.



The old home of the Prophet Joseph Smith, where the Angel visited him, and where part of the Book of Mormon was translated.

The choir was arranged in one end of the famous east wing, while the President and his invited guests seated themselves at the other. With Professor McClellan seated at the \$2,500 piano, Professor Stephens raised his baton, and the inspired songs put forth were greatly appreciated by all present. After the program, refreshments were served to the party in the large west room.

While this was going on at Washington, the good ministers of Richmond, Virginia, were asking that the "Mormons" be not permitted to sing there, for, they said, "We doubt not that the choir will sing very well, nor that it contains persons very decorous, from a 'Mormon' point of view, but in giving them encouragement, you inevitably play into the hands of the 'Mormon' Church." The next night, the 16th, through the aid of those who sought to do injury, the house was well filled, and it is doubtful that one

person left the building who would ever after rely upon the judgment of the protesters. That day was an interesting one, for, outside of the warm demonstration at the concert, many of the old landmarks of what was once the capital of the Confederate States, were visited.

St. Louis, where the company gave three concerts, the 19th and 20th, proved to be uninteresting from a sight-seeing point of view, but the people made the singers feel that their efforts had been rewarded. In every city many were the conjectures as to the secret of their singing, but here was a critic who thought he had discovered it. He said:

"They sing in entirely different fashion from any other chorus. In the 'Mormons' song there is a magnificent note of religious frenzy, a diapason of devotion, an echo of deeds of fanaticism and of grappling with the desert, to make it blossom like the rose. * * * Their song has the note of triumph over difficulties, and dangers overcome. It is the note of the pioneer, the road-breaker into the wilderness; and, indeed, they do not in looks belie their ancestry. There is fire in their eyes, and thunder in their throats."

The following day, the 21st, Kansas City was reached. Independence, Missouri, was also visited, and a song was sung upon the temple lot, where many scenes of early Church history were recalled. That afternoon many friends were made in Kansas City, judging by the hearty reception tendered at the concert. The next day, the 22nd, dedicatory services of the monument erected by the Church in honor of Oliver Cowdery, at Richmond, Missouri, were engaged in, with a concert at Topeka, Kansas, at night. On the 23rd, the company were on the train resting, and that evening Denver and the Rocky Mountains hove in sight. The choir members began to feel that they were nearing home; they were better known here, being no longer a curiosity, and that night, in the City of the Plains, they were greeted by one of the largest and warmest audiences of the trip. They were received well in Colorado Springs on the 24th. They then left for home, worn out and tired, but with the satisfaction that they had done their best, and had caused thousands of people, who were misinformed and prejudiced, to forget their feelings of unkindness toward a misunderstood people, and to become more charitably inclined and friendly toward them.

With the grand and unparalleled reception in Salt Lake City, on Monday evening, November 27, in the great tabernacle, where

ten thousand home folks welcomed their choir's return, all the readers of the ERA are familiar. A word in closing must be said in most earnest praise of the stupendous work performed by Manager George D. Pyper, the excellent performances of Organist John J. McClellan, and the splendid and careful labors of the veteran Conductor Evan Stephens. The exemplary conduct, the good department, and the meritorious efforts of all the members, were remarkable, all resulting in honor to our state and people.



ELDERS AT TRONDHJEM, NORWAY.

Back row, left to right: John H. Evenson, Salt Lake City; Andrew H. C. Otteson, Salem, Utah; Charles C. Sorensen, Ovid, Idaho; Archibald Christensen, Fariview; A. Wilford Nielsen, Huntsville, Henry J. Amundsen, Salt Lake City, Utah; Junius M. Sorensen, Lago, Idaho; Norman K. Amundson, Salt Lake City; Ernest A. Jensen, Preston, Idaho. Middle row: Conference President, Jacob W. Olsen, Vernal, Mission President, Andrew Jenson, Salt Lake City; Bishop Anthon L. Skanchy, Logan, Utah; In front: Conference Secretary Albert N. Hogan, Mammoth City, Leo M. Greenhalgh, Scofield, Utah.

The Doer

(For the IMPROVEMENT ERA.)

The men who do, as well as preach,
They are the men whose sermons reach
Beyond the lip. The human heart
Alone responds unto the part
By labor given.

The man who does, is the man who grows.
'Tis he, and only he, who sows
May reap the harvest of content,
By knowing other backs ne'er bent
Beneath his load.

The man who does, is the man who knows;
And though mayhaps by vicious blows
Of hate beset, he falters not,
Sustained and strengthened by his thought
And love of God.

GRACE INGLES FROST.



THE TIME FOR ME.



When the leaves are turnin' yellow,
And the hay is in the barn,
And the haws are glossy black upon the tree:
When the plums are good and mellow,
And dear grandma gits her yarn,
O, I tell you, fellers, that's the time fer me!

When the hills are clothed in glory,
And the maples bend and bow
To the tune the creek is singin' merrily:
When I hear old Winter's story
That the winds are moanin' now,
O, I tell you, fellers, that's the time fer me!

When the spare-ribs, sweet and drippin',
Like them mother allūs fries,
And the honey father gathers from the bee,
Jist keep my lips a sippin'
Till my pants is stretched a size—
O, I tell you, fellers, that's the time fer me!

When I've got a shiney dollar—
And I have one, as a rule,
When the threshin's done—and I'm jist fill'd
with glee,
And I kick my heels and holler
As I skip away to school,
Then, I tell you, fellers, that's the time fer me!

H. R. MERRILL.



From Nauvoo to Salt Lake in the Van of the Pioneers.

The Original Diary of Erastus Snow.

EDITED BY HIS SON, MORONI SNOW

XI.

In the last account, the Pioneers were encamped on the Platte, west of them the Wind River Mountains. The account continues:

June 24. This morning we left the river, took about a west course, and traveled over a good road seventeen and three-fourths miles, before we struck the river again. Here we camped about three o'clock p. m., our teams being nearly exhausted from fatigue, hunger and thirst, for it has been warm and we found neither feed nor water to induce us to stop until we reached this point, except about nine o'clock when we passed two small lakes or ponds, one of which was very strongly impregnated with salt and sulphur, and the other with salt and alkali, so that our teams refused both. One curiosity worthy of note in the place where we found these lakes, is what is called the Ice Spring. The water of the spring is the same as that of the lakes, but all around the spring is ice about eighteen inches thick which seems pure and entirely free from those ingredients with which the water is impregnated, and is covered with a soil or turf about eight inches thick, while the earth around seems entirely free from frost. The reason why this unimpregnated water remains in this crystalline state, while surrounded with the other water, I leave for chemists to determine.

25th. While gathering the stock last night, the president's saddle-horse was shot, through the carelessness of a young man, and died during the night. He was the most highly prized of any horse in camp. This was the second accident of the kind, both of which was the result of a disregard of the rules of the camp. This morning our road crossed the river and led over the hills, occasionally striking the river again, for ten miles; then leaving the river again we began to ascend long and steep hills, and continued with but little variation to ascend for ten miles, some of the way very

rocky, and found a tolerable camping place on a mountain rivulet. It was quite warm in the morning, but as we began to rise and meet the cold blasts from the mountains of snow and ice, we began to gather our vests, then our coats, and finally, before night, our overcoats, and were cold at that. We passed drifts of snow and large bodies of ice about the rivulets, and during the night our milk and water froze as if it were winter. Two of our horsemen, who followed the course of the Sweetwater up to within two miles of the encampment, report that its fall is very great, presenting little less than a cataract most of the way.

26th. Continuing our ascent up the small stream on which we had camped about two miles, and passing over another ridge, we came to a large creek, which at first we supposed to be the Sweetwater, but after crossing it, and another in a few miles quite as large, both of which were tributaries of the Sweetwater, we finally came to the Sweetwater (having traveled eleven miles), which was full and running into our wagon beds more than at any previous ford, and seemed to contain quite as much water as it did where we first crossed it at Independence Rock. We baited at noon on a small bottom near the ford, where there was quite a supply of green grass, while at the foot of a small bluff, a few rods distant, was about one acre of snow, and in some places not less than ten feet deep. This place is what is termed the "foot of the pass." From here we rose on a gently undulating plain, which spread itself from the Wind River chain upon the north to a low range of mountains on the south. This plain seems to be broken only by comparatively small ridges and the surface generally quite smooth. Mountain sage is the chief herbage, and no timber except small groves of poplar and quaking asp, which we saw at a distance to the left. Here I would observe that we saw several of those groves yesterday afternoon, at our left, which is the only timber upon these mountains anywhere in the vicinity of our route. After traveling this afternoon eight miles over a beautiful road, we came to a small ridge which divides the waters flowing into the Gulf of Mexico from those that flow into the Gulf of California. From Ft. Laramie, according to our odometer, is two hundred and seventy-six and a half miles. It is now time to camp, but we did not expect to find either feed or water short of eight or ten miles. Just at this time some of our men, who had followed up the Sweetwater, came in sight, at the right hand, and

reported that the Sweetwater, coming from the mountains to the north, came to the foot of the ridge within about a mile of us. Here we turned aside and found a good camping place.

27th. This morning some men from Oregon, bound for the states, passed, by whom we sent back letters. We passed the ridge, and in about six miles crossed a small stream running west. We traveled fifteen and a half miles today, and camped upon another small tributary of the Sweetwater.

28th. We bore a little south of west, crossed Little Sandy, and camped upon it about nine miles below the ford. Traveled fifteen and a fourth miles and camped early, in consequence of meeting Mr. Bridger and two of his men bound for Fort Laramie, who also camped with us and gave us much information relative to the roads, streams, and country generally.

29th. Traveled six miles, crossed Big Sandy (about the size of Sweetwater), and made about eighteen miles without feed or water before we struck it again, which made us late camping. Found good feed.

30th. Traveled eight and one-half miles, and came to Green River. Went to building rafts and crossing the river.

Saturday, July 3. All being safely over, we moved three miles down the river and camped for Sunday. The day we reached Green River, I had a violent attack of mountain fever; and within the week past, about one-half the camp have been attacked with the same complaint. It's first appearance is like that of a severe cold, producing soreness in the flesh and a pain in the head and all parts of the body, and as the fever increases, the pain in the head and back becomes almost insufferable, but an active portion of physic, accompanied with warm and stimulating drinks, such as ginger and pepper teas, cayenne, etc., taken freely before and after the operation of the physic, seldom failed to break it up, though it left the patient sore, weak and feeble. All are now recovering, except some fresh cases.

July 4. Five men were sent back with letters to our brethren of the next company, and to pilot them on. In the afternoon twelve mounted soldiers arrived, having left the Pueblo detachment at the crossing of the Platte, last Monday. The day we arrived at Green River, Brother Samuel Brannan, and two others, arrived from the Bay of San Francisco. They came eight hundred miles to meet us, expecting us to go into that country. They in-

formed us that the "Mormon" Battalion had taken and, when they left, were in possession of the Spanish city, Pueblos Angelos de los.

July 5. We traveled twenty miles without water, struck Ham's Fork, and camped in middle afternoon.

July 6. Followed up the stream a few miles, crossed over a divide two miles, and struck Black river, another tributary of Green river, and forded it on a riffle, where our wagon beds scarcely cleared the water. The current was strong, and the stream about six rods wide. Bearing westward about twelve miles without water, we struck the same stream again, crossed it again, and camped for the night, having traveled eighteen miles.

July 7. In a few miles we crossed back again, and kept upon the south side till nearly opposite Fort Bridger. Here the river is separated into seven or eight rapid creeks, which flow over an extensive bottom, and divide it into numerous islands. Crossing these streams and islands, we camped a little above the trading house, having traveled eighteen miles today. Here we rested ourselves and teams one day, there being timber and plenty of good feed, and, indeed, it is about the first pleasant looking spot I have seen west of the pass. This is the country of the Snake Indians, some of whom were at the fort. They bear a good reputation among the mountaineers for honesty and integrity. We traded some with the traders at the fort, and with the French and Indians that were camped near there, but we found that their skins and peltry were quite as high as they were in the states, though they allowed us liberal prices for the commodities we had to exchange.

July 9. We renewed our journey, leaving the Oregon route, which from this place bears north of west to Fort Hall. We took a blind trail, the general course of which is a little south of west, leading in the direction of the southern extremity of the Salt Lake, which is the region we wish to explore. Fortunately for us, a party of emigrants bound for the coast of California passed this way last fall, though their trail is in many places scarcely discernable. We left the waters of Black river, and gradually ascended some eight or ten miles—passed some large drifts of snow in the heads of the hollows—crossed the divide—descended a long, steep hill, and wound our way down a hollow to a creek called Muddy Fork, which here runs north and, winding round the hills to the

north of Fort Bridger, forms a junction with Ham's Fork, and so flows to Green river. Upon this stream we camped, fourteen and a half miles from Fort Bridger.

10th. Today we passed through several fertile valleys, and over two of the most rugged hills we have passed on our journey, spurs of the Bear River mountains, on the last of which we saw three grizzly bears, and, what is of more importance, Prof. Carington found what he positively pronounced a blossom of stone coal, which has heretofore been supposed not to exist in this region of country. We traveled eighteen miles today and camped upon a creek running into the Bear river, two miles from the latter. Perceiving smoke on the river, myself and several others rode down this evening and found it to proceed from a camp of men with pack animals, direct from the settlements of California. From them we obtained late papers and news of the Mexican war, etc.

(To be continued.)



MINNESOTA ELDERS

Left to right, top row: N. L. Brown, Cardston, Canada, E. A. Hendrix, Lund, Nev., J. T. Leigh, Cedar City, Utah, J. A. Smith, Manassa, Colo. Second row: O. A. Iverson, Bear River City, Utah, Jos. A. Rencher, Eagar, Ariz., LeRoy Curtis, Oakley, Idaho, E. W. Bonnsrer, Ashton, Idaho. Third row: A. F. Johnson, Cleveland, Utah, Horace Layton, Frankburg, Canada, Orville T. Miller, Preston, Idaho, Rosser T. Thomas, Wales, W. E. Hall, Minersville, Thos. W. Dyckes, Wales, Utah. Bottom row: Charles W. Stoddard, Magrath, Canada, E. W. Poulson, Richfield, Utah, (Conference President), German E. Ellsworth, Mission President), F. S. Parkinson, Rexburg, Idaho, Stephen C. Hadley, Taylor, Utah.

The Oliver Cowdery Monument at Richmond, Missouri

BY JUNIUS F. WELLS

When the late President John Henry Smith was at Richmond in the winter of 1910-11, in company with Elders S. O. Bennion, John L. Herrick, and Joseph A. McRae, he visited the old city cemetery and tried, through certain inquiries, to locate the unmarked grave of Oliver Cowdery, first of the Three Witnesses to the BOOK OF MORMON. The result of these inquiries was approximately successful, and the identity of the grave was later established by the repeated testimony then obtained from a very reliable, intelligent, old gentleman, named A. K. Raeburn, former sheriff of Ray county. The brethren were aided in their inquiry by George W. Schweich, grandson of David Whitmer, and Elder Smith promised him that at some time in the future the Latter-day Saints would cause a monument to be built there.

It was in the spring of the present year that Elder Smith one day mentioned to me that he had given this promise, and asked me if I had ever given the matter any thought. I replied that I had—that I had a very clear notion of the kind of monument and of the suitable inscriptions thereon, I should like to see placed at the graves of each of the Three Witnesses. I was requested to submit my plan in writing, which was done. This was approved by the First Presidency and Twelve, and I was commissioned to carry it out, so far as the erection of the present monument is concerned.

Soon after this, early in June, it was my good fortune to spend a delightful day with Elder Smith and his son, George Albert, in Vermont, guests of J. M. Boutwell in his great touring car, when we visited the quarry at Barre and selected the stone, and the order was given for the manufacture of the monument.

My first motion was to go to Richmond—I had never been there—and visit the old burying ground, identify Oliver Cowdery's grave, secure the good will and approval of the nearest of



THE OLIVER COWDERY MONUMENT, RICHMOND, MISSOURI.
Unveiled and dedicated, 22nd November, 1911.

kin living there, select the site for the monument, and obtain the consent of the city or cemetery officials to its erection.

Richmond is a picturesque city of four thousand inhabitants, about five miles north of the Missouri river, center of a coal mining district, and famous in the early history of Western Missouri as one of the border towns and as outfitting point for the West. Ray county courthouse—one of the old pillared kind, whose architecture is of the finest—has held many an audience spellbound by trials and meetings of intense interest, in which have appeared the mighty legal lights of those old days, when oratory was at its best, and the people traveled miles to hear their statesmen on the stump, and their favorite lawyers plead. General A. W. Doniphan, who lived and practiced law in Richmond, was one of these.

Out to the northward, on the state road and near the boundary of the city—long before Richmond became a city—an acre of ground was selected and bought by the people—the deed dated August 14, 1846, running from John C. Richardson to three trustees, to be held by them: "In trust for the sole and exclusive use and benefit of the inhabitants of the Town of Richmond, as a public burying ground forever."

Among the earliest graves within this sacred acre are those of Father Peter Whitmer's family and kindred, whose burying lots appear to have occupied about sixteen by sixty feet, along the east side of a central drive, entering at the north end of the cemetery. Within this boundary, and in the southern part, are buried the bodies of Peter Whitmer, and his wife, Mary Musselman Whitmer—father and mother of the Witnesses,—Jacob Whitmer, one of the Eight, and two or more of his daughters, and other members of his family. I counted thirteen graves, most of them unmarked, except by crude stones without inscriptions. There are nice marble headstones at Jacob Whitmer's grave and at the graves of two of his daughters. No stones indicate the graves of his father and mother, though they are supposed to be next to his, on the south, which would be in the southeast corner of the lot.

The grave of Oliver Cowdery is the third from the north boundary of the cemetery. It is forty feet north and seven feet west of Jacob Whitmer's. I satisfied myself of this from the description given by Mr. Raeburn, whom I visited and questioned carefully three times—first on the 9th of August, 1911, and the last, the day after the dedication, November 23, 1911. At my

second visit, 18th of August, I asked the following questions, George W. Schweich and Mr. Raeburn's nurse being present :

"Do you remember Oliver Cowdery?" "Oh, yes. He lived next door (pointing west) and died there."

"Do you remember when he died and where he was buried?" "Yes; in the old burying ground north of Tanner's." (Jacob Whitmer's son-in-law.)

"Was it near the north end?" "Yes."



RAY COUNTY COURTHOUSE, RICHMOND, MISSOURI.

Near here was the prison in which the Prophet and others were chained and held after their betrayal and arrest, at Far West, 1838.

"Are there other graves between his and the north fence?" "Yes, two, (pause) or three."

"What kind of a man was Oliver Cowdery? Was he a smart man." "Yes. He was a good, ordinary man."

"How old are you?" "I was ninety-three, on the sixth of this month."

I found by measuring the distance between the graves, and between the headstones and footstones, that there were two graves, shorter than the grave of a full grown man, north of the depression which was supposed to be the grave of Oliver Cowdery. By some digging, we found the rotting stones that had supported the headstone, which was gone, and six and a half feet eastward, a

large, though crumbling, footstone. This supplied whatever assurance was lacking as to the identity of the grave we sought—especially as the next grave, seven feet southward, was that of a child.

I made a plat of the four lots, and measured and marked all the graves that could be located therein, either from the stones or the depressions which showed the sunken graves.



THE OLD CITY CEMETERY.

Graves of Peter Whitmer and wife, and of Jacob Whitmer and two daughters, and son-in-law.

That I might secure the necessary authority to act in an orderly manner, I interviewed the nearest of the living kindred at Richmond—these are only relations-in-law, as Oliver Cowdery's daughter and only child that survived him, wife of Dr. Charles Johnson, died without children; and none of his brother's or sister's descendants live at Richmond. Philander Page, who is a nephew-in-law, his mother and Oliver Cowdery's wife being sisters, said that he remembered his uncle Oliver very well, and his death, though he was not at the funeral or burial. He said that he would not oppose the erection of a monument at his grave, though he preferred not to sign his approval, as he was not in

favor of so much display. It will be of interest here to quote my interview with him, August 10, 1911:

"The day Oliver Cowdery died, 3rd March, 1850, he was waited on by my father, Dr. Hiram Page, who had been his physician, and who told me the circumstance. There were present, besides himself, David Whitmer, Jacob Whitmer, Oliver's wife and daughter, and others. Oliver, who knew he was about to die, asked Dr. Page to raise him up, so that he could bid farewell to his family and those present. He



THE NEW CEMETERY, RICHMOND, MO.

The square stone in the center is at the grave of David Whitmer. This is about one mile from the old cemetery.

turned to David Whitmer, and said: 'David, stand firm to your testimony,' and to the rest he said: 'Be faithful.' The doctor laid his head down and he soon passed away."

In this interview, Philander Page gave me an account of David Whitmer's death and last testimony, as follows:

"A day or two before, or on the day David Whitmer died, there were present in the room John C. Whitmer, Philander A. Page, J. J. Snyder, and others. While we were there, he sent for Dr. Buchanan, and when the doctor came, he told him he wanted to re-bear his testimony concerning the Book of Mormon, and for him to examine him and see if he was of sane mind, for fear that some might afterwards say that his mind was weak.

"The doctor told him that he was of a sane mind and clear understanding. He then reaffirmed his testimony to the Book of Mormon. I might add that I had heard him do so many times, and that probably no person now living can say what I can; that I have heard Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, Jacob Whitmer, John Whitmer, and my father, Hiram Page, reaffirm their testimonies as published in the Book of Mormon."

Mrs. Julia Ann Schweich, only daughter of David Whitmer,



PETER WHITMER'S HOUSE, RICHMOND, MO.

The back room is part of the old house, in which Father Peter Whitmer died, 1854. Here Oliver Cowdery lived for about one year, and died, 3rd March, 1859.

lives in the house of her father—where he lived for many years and died. She was seventy-six years old in September, and is a very smart, clear-minded lady of remarkable memory, firm convictions, honest, outspoken, and independent. I became much attached to her, and enjoyed repeated interviews with her, in which she told me many things concerning her father, his family and the family connections.

She remembers her grandfather and grandmother, Peter Whitmer and wife, perfectly, and their death. He died in his own home, the home in which Oliver Cowdery lived and died, on the

13th of August, 1854; and his wife, in the following January, 1855, in David Whitmer's house, where Mrs. Schweich now lives. Her grandmother was a remarkable woman—born in Strausberg, Germany, in 1778. She came to Pennsylvania, where she married Peter Whitmer. They had eight children—one daughter, Nancy, died in childhood. The others, five sons, Christian, Jacob, John, David and Peter Jr., were witnesses to the BOOK OF MORMON,



HOME OF DAVID WHITMER, RICHMOND, MO.

In this house he lived many years, dying there, in 1887. His mother also died there, 1854. It is now owned and occupied by his only daughter, Mrs. Julia A. Schweich, and her son, George, who was born there.

and two daughters, Catherine and Elizabeth, married witnesses—Hiram Page and Oliver Cowdery.

I took from her and her son George, the following Certificate of Authority:

This is to certify that the undersigned, Julia Whitmer Schweich and George W. Schweich, are the nearest of kin living at Richmond, Ray county, Missouri, to the late Oliver Cowdery, who died here on the 3rd day of March, 1850, and whose body is buried in the middle of the north end of the Old City Cemetery.

That we are informed of the intention of believers in the testi-

mony of Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris, the Three Witnesses to the Book of Mormon, to erect, at or near our kinsmen's grave, a suitable monument in his honor, and to commemorate the testimony of said witnesses.

That we approve of this undertaking, and freely consent to it, and hereby authorize Junius F. Wells, acting for himself, ourselves, and fellow believers in the above testimony, to take every necessary



THE OLIVER COWDERY MONUMENT

On the road from the railway to the old cemetery.

step to locate the site of said grave, and erect said monument thereon, only holding the undersigned free from expense connected therewith.
(Signed)

JULIA A. SCHWEICH, Niece-in-Law of Oliver Cowdery.

GEORGE W. SCHWEICH, Grand Nephew-in-Law of Oliver Cowdery.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of August, 1911.

My commission expires September 19, 1914.

R. B. KIRKPATRICK,

Notary Public, Ray County, Mo.

After consulting the mayor of Richmond, and certain of the city councilmen, I arranged with the city engineer to establish the grade of the street —Crispin avenue—on the north line of the cemetery—and to stake out and set the levels of the foundation

of the site selected for the monument. I then presented the following petition, which was acted upon the same night:

To the Honorable Mayor and City Council of Richmond, Mo.

Gentlemen: The late Oliver Cowdery, intimate associate and relative of the late David Whitmer, your long respected fellow-townsmen, was a resident of Richmond, Mo., for about a year prior to his death.

He died here on the thrid of March, 1850, and his body is buried in the Old City Cemetery, or Public Burying Ground, near the middle of the northern boundary thereof, his grave unmarked.



THE OLIVER COWDERY MONUMENT

Group of Elders, before the unveiling, 22nd November, 1911.

The undersigned has been authorized by the nearest kin living, and by his fellow-believers of the so-called "Mormon" faith, of which he was one of the founders, to erect at his grave a commemorative monument in his honor. It will be of polished granite, six feet base, and about ten feet high.

Upon looking over the ground, it is found that the most suitable site for this, near the head of his grave, will necessarily occupy a portion of what appears to have been the end of a driveway. As this drive has long since ceased to be used, if it ever were, and probably never will be used again, permission is respectfully requested to establish the foundation and to build the proposed monument at

this location; as provisionally staked out by the city engineer.

And your petitioner, as is duty bound, will ever pray.

(Signed)

JUNIUS F. WELLS.

Richmond, Mo., 15th August, 1911.

I, R. E. Brown, Clerk of the City of Richmond, Mo., do hereby certify that the above is a true and correct copy of petition of Junius F. Wells, presented to the Council of the City of Richmond, for action at its meeting of August 15th, 1911. In testimony whereof, I hereunto



The Tabernacle Choir Special Train, Richmond, Mo., 22nd Nov., 1911.

set my hand and affix the seal of the City of Richmond., Mo., this 16th day of August, 1911.

R. E. BROWN, City Clerk.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to the Mayor and Council of the City of Richmond, by Junius F. Wells, the authorized agent of the nearest of kin to one Oliver Cowdery, and the followers of the so-called "Mormon" faith, asking permission to erect a monument to the memory of the said Oliver Cowdery, in the Old Cemetery of the City of Richmond, and whereas, the most suitable place is near the middle of the northern boundary of the said cemetery, in what appears to be a driveway in said place;

THEREFORE, be it resolved by the Council of the City of Richmond, that permission be granted to the said Junius F. Wells, to erect said monument at the point as staked out by the city engineer, W. A. Mullin.

Read three times, and passed this 15th day of August, 1911.

JAMES POWELL, President of Council.

Approved this 15th day of August, 1911.—JAMES POWELL, Mayor.

ATTEST.—R. E. Brown, City Clerk.

I, R. E. Brown, City Clerk of the City of Richmond, Ray County, Missouri, do hereby certify that the above is a true and correct copy of the resolution as passed by the Council of the City of Richmond, Mo., on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1911.

In testimony whereof, I hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of the City of Richmond, Mo., this 16th day of August, 1911.

R. E. BROWN, City Clerk.

Following the passage of this resolution, we soon had the concrete foundation put in. This is six feet square, extending six feet under ground. A receptacle was made in the foundation, in which there was afterwards deposited a metal box and contents as follows:

This is to certify that the undersigned, Junius F. Wells, of Salt Lake City, Utah, and George W. Schweich, of Richmond, Missouri, have, this the 26th day of October, 1911, deposited within a metallic box the following named books, periodicals, pictures, etc., and have placed said box and its contents in the concrete foundation of the Oliver Cowdery monument and sealed the receptacle with cement, preparatory to the erection thereon of the polished granite monument of three pieces which weigh about eighteen tons.

Contents of metallic casket deposited in the concrete base, under the Oliver Cowdery monument: History of the Church, vol. 1; Book of Mormon; Doctrine and Covenants; Pearl of Great Price; The Cowdery Family Genealogy; The Contributor, vol. 5, containing George Reynolds' "History of the Book of Mormon," and Steel Engraving Portraits of the Three Witnesses, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris.

Utah—Statistical, and Views of Salt Lake City. Portraits: Oliver Cowdery, Joseph Smith, Hyrum Smith, Lucy Smith, Brigham Young, Wilford Woodruff, John Taylor, Lorenzo Snow, Joseph F. Smith, Anthon H. Lund, John Henry Smith.

Program of Old Folks' Reception to William H. Taft, President of the United States, with his portrait.

Copies: The Deseret News, Woman's Exponent, Improvement Era, Young Woman's Journal, Juvenile Instructor, The Children's Friend. These periodicals contain the current statistical reports of the associations they represent, respectively.

Proceedings of the Dedication of the Joseph Smith Monument, at his birthplace, Sharon, Vermont, 1905.

A parchment containing names of the Presidents of the Church, and of the present General Church officials, with statistics of the Church for 1911, as to number of stakes, sixty-two, missions twenty, wards six hundred and ninety.

General Church Directory, containing names of the general, mission, stake and ward officials.

View books of Salt Lake City, and of Joseph Smith's birthplace.

Portraits of George W. Schweich and his mother, Julia Whitmer Schweich, daughter of David Whitmer, nearest of kin to Oliver Cowdery, living at Richmond, and a photograph of Dávid Whitmer contributed by them.

WITNESS: R. B. KIRKPATRICK.

JUNIUS F. WELLS.

GEORGE W. SCHWEICH.

After getting the foundation in, with the assistance of Mr. Hagans and his crew, we waited about two months for the completion of the monument, and its shipment from Vermont.. It was delayed by the intense heat in August, which prevented men from working in the stone-cutters' sheds. It had been the intention to have the dedication on the anniversary of Oliver Cowdery's birth, 3rd October, 1911, and President John Henry Smith was hoping to be present. This not being possible, and the lamentable death of Elder Smith occurring on the thirteenth, caused a complete change in the plans respecting the dedication.

I had been so well received and respectfully treated by the people of Richmond, that I believed they would respond in a cordial manner, if we asked them to help make the dedication an occasion of especial interest, and to this end, it seemed to me that we might well afford to set the date forward to the time when the Tabernacle choir, in its tour to New York and the east, should be in the vicinity. It was ascertained that on their homeward journey they would be at Kansas City, forty-seven miles from Richmond, on the 21st and 22nd of November.

The suggestion was made to the First Presidency and Twelve that the date be set for one of those days, and that the choir should be invited to attend. This was approved, and I was authorized to so arrange with Professor Stephens and the management of the tour, should it be found practicable.

I then proceeded to Richmond to receive the carload of stone and take charge of its transfer from the railway overland to the cemetery, and of its erection. This we successfully accomplished with the assistance of Mr. T. B. Blount, and his house-moving trucks, and a very stout but very crude hoisting rigging. It was with considerable apprehension that I entrusted this work to one

who had had more experience in moving houses, steam engines and boilers, than in handling nine-ton blocks of granite, polished like plate glass. I am thankful, however, to say that we met with no accident, nor much delay, and that we got it up in good fashion and ahead of time.

While engaged upon this work, I approached several of the leading citizens of Richmond to ascertain how far they would go in helping to receive and welcome the expected company, including the choir, at the dedication, with the following result:

Richmond, Mo., Nov. 8, 1911.

Junius Wells, Esq., Richmond, Mo.—Understanding that you contemplate holding a dedicatory service at the unveiling of the Oliver Cowdery monument, you have just erected here, on November 22nd, 1911, and that leading officials of your Church and the "Mormon" Tabernacle Choir will be present, we, the undersigned citizens of Richmond, take pleasure in offering you the free use of the opera house for that occasion, which will be put in order to accommodate those who may attend, and we shall be glad to assist in making the occasion as agreeable and pleasant as possible for your people and citizens generally:

J. M. Ferguson, R. S. Lyon, Jno. H. Estes, Geo. Pickering, T. J. Wollard, R. E. Callithan, J. Pickering, G. W. Clark, L. Megede, H. B. McIntyre, Burnett Hughes, Geo. G. Mausur, H. S. Wall, J. S. Hughes, J. L. Farris, Jr., Jewell Mayes, W. F. Shoop, Wm. Marshall's Sons, Geo. W. Hunt, R. L. Hamilton, C. C. Powell.

New York, 11th November, 1911.

Messrs. Hughes, Estes, Ferris, McIntyre, Ferguson, Powell, and others: Gentlemen: Permit me to acknowledge the favor of your communication of the 8th inst. in which you offer the free use of the opera house for the dedicatory service to be held at the unveiling of the Oliver Cowdery monument.

I am deeply grateful for this courtesy, and assure you that it will be highly appreciated by the officials and members of the Church I represent. It is with pleasure that we accept the use of the opera house, and that I am able to say that the dedicatory service will be conducted there by officials of the Church, with the Tabernacle Choir in attendance, on Wednesday morning, 22nd November, 1911, at 10 o'clock.

The services in the opera house will be over at twelve, the unveiling of the monument to follow immediately after. I shall be glad to co-operate with you in preparing for the occasion, and to make it as agreeable and pleasant as possible for the people who attend.

Yours faithfully,

JUNIUS F. WELLS.

Receiving word from President Smith that I must arrange

details of the visit of the choir with its managers, then in New York, I proceeded there, and made up the musical program with Professor Stephens and Manager Pyper, and addressed my response to the courtesy of the Richmond people from there. They not only performed according to the tender made in the above letter, but did a great deal besides, in grading the streets, paving sidewalks, and laying plank crossings for our comfort. They appointed a committee to see that the opera house was arranged conveniently for the choir and people, and issued invitations to the leading people of the city and Ray county. Mr. George W. Schweich, working with the committee, performed a very delicate and important part in getting up the lists of those to be invited, including the relatives of the Whitmier, Cowdery and Page families. The opera house seats about one thousand, and will hold twelve hundred. Over seven hundred invitations were issued, and numbered seats reserved. Mayor Powell and Mr. Charles Crispin were very energetic in completing a substantial fence we decided to put up around the old cemetery, and in grading around the monument, having the work done by the time I returned from New York.

THE DEDICATORY SERVICE.

Conditions at home were so forbidding that the Presiding Authorities were not able to go to the service, and Apostle Heber J. Grant, who was in the east, was appointed to attend and take charge. He arrived at Richmond on the evening of November 21st, and completed the order of exercises, approving the musical part which had already been arranged. The program, containing a portrait of Oliver Cowdery and an engraving of the monument, had been printed as follows. Copies were sent to the General Authorities of the Church, to Presidents of all the missions, stakes, temples, Church schools, and officers of the auxiliary organizations, and to the press, and were distributed to all the people attending the service:

In Memoriam. Oliver Cowdery. Born: Wells, Rutland Co., Vt., 3rd October, 1806; died: Richmond, Ray Co., Mo., 3rd March, 1850.

Program of the Dedicatory Service and Unveiling of the Oliver Cowdery Monument. Richmond, Missouri, Wednesday Morning, Ten o'clock, 22nd November, 1911.

Service in the Opera House: Hymn, "An Angel from On High." The Tabernacle Choir; Prayer; Anthem, "Hozannah!" (Stephens), The Tabernacle Choir; Address; Hymn, "Oh! My Father!" (E. R. Snow), The Tabernacle Choir; Remarks; Solo, "Who Are These Arrayed in White?"

(De Courcy). Edith Grant Young; Remarks: Anthem. "God's Our Refuge" (Rosini), The Tabernacle Choir; Instructions; "America," The Tabernacle Choir and Congregation; Benediction.

After the Benediction, the Choir will sing: "Soldiers' Chorus," from Faust (Gounod); "Gypsy Sweetheart," solo by Horace Ensign (Herbert); "Dixie."

From the Opera House the company will proceed to the grave in the old City Cemetery. The Choir will sing: "An Angel from on High."



THE FARRIS OPERA HOUSE, RICHMOND, MO.

In this beautiful opera house the Dedicatory Services were held,
22nd November, 1911.

The Monument will be unveiled; Dedicatory Prayer. The Choir will sing: "Rest for the Weary Soul." Dismissal.

Description of the Monument.

The monument is of dark Barre granite, resting on a concrete submerged base, six feet square. It is composed of three pieces, all polished; rises to a height of eleven feet, and weighs eighteen tons.

The Inscriptions.

Base—Upon the four sides of the granite base, the names: Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, Martin Harris.

Front—"Sacred to the Memory of Oliver Cowdery, Witness to the Book of Mormon and to the Translation thereof by the Gift and Power of God.

Born 3rd October, 1806. Wells, Rutland County, Vermont.

Died 3rd March, 1850, Richmond, Ray County, Missouri.

He was the Scribe of the Translation as it fell from the lips of Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

He copied the Original Manuscript for the Printer's use and was Proof Reader of the First Edition.

He was the First Person Baptized in the Latter-day Dispensation of the Gospel; and was One of the Six Members of the Church of Jesus Christ at Its Organization, on the Sixth Day of April, A. D., 1830, at

Fayette, Seneca County, New York. Though separated from it for a time, he returned to the Church.

He died firm in the Faith.

This Monument has been raised in his honor by his fellow-Believers; and also to Commemorate the Testimony of Three Witnesses, the Truth of which they maintained to the end of their lives.

Over a Million Converts throughout the World have accepted their Testimony and Rejoice in their Fidelity.

Dedicated, 1911."

Reverse—The Title Page of the Book of Mormon, First Edition, as follows: "The Book of Mormon. An Account written by the Hand of Mormon, upon Plates taken from the Plates of Nephi. Translated and Published by Joseph Smith, Junior, Palmyra, 1830."

Upon the other two sides—"The Testimony of Three Witnesses: Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, unto whom this work shall come, that we, through the Grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, have seen the plates which contain this record, which is a record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites, their brethren, and also of the people of Jared, who came from the tower, of which hath been spoken; and we also know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice hath declared it unto us; wherefore we know of a surety, that the work is true. And we also testify that we have seen the engravings which are upon the plates; and they have been shown unto us by the power of God, and not of man. And we declare with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from Heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates, and the engravings thereon; and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, that we beheld and bear record that these things are true; and it is marvelous in our eyes. Nevertheless, the voice of the Lord commanded us that we should bear record of it; wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, we bear testimony of these things. And we know that if we are faithful in Christ, we shall rid our garments of the blood of all men, and be found spotless before the judgment seat of Christ, and shall dwell with him eternally in the heavens. And the honor be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, which is one God. Amen."

Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, Martin Harris.

The train bringing the choir from Kansas City arrived during the night, or early in the morning of the 22nd. It was not easy to rouse the weary sleepers, and get them out, under lowering skies, at half-past seven for early breakfast, at the hotel. It was, however, loiteringly accomplished, but not until the prince and power of the air, or whoever has charge of the storm clouds, had taken vicious control and started a downpour of chilling rain that continued for the greater part of the day. In spite of this, the company assembled in the opera house, which was crowded with an eager and expectant congregation, some of the people having driven forty miles to be there.

Besides Elder Heber J. Grant, there were present on the stage, and in reserved seats, President Samuel O. Bennion, of

the Central States Mission, and about twenty missionaries; Bishop David A. Smith, and about forty visitors accompanying the choir, making of Latter-day Saints present, in all, about two hundred and fifty. There were present about forty-five relatives of the Whitmer family; and the principal clergymen, bankers, merchants, county and city officials, and leading citizens, were there.

On account of the rain, it became necessary to change the program so as to omit the procession to the cemetery, and the services at the monument. Otherwise the exercises were carried out as printed, and under the direction of Elder Grant, who presided at the meeting.

The opening prayer was by Pres. S. O. Bennion.

Address, Elder Junius F. Wells, who briefly stated the object of assembling and the reason why we had erected the monument in honor of Oliver Cowdery at his grave, and to commemorate the Testimony of Three Witnesses to the Book of Mormon. In the absence of living kindred—there now being no descendants of his alive—fellow-believers, who have accepted his testimony, and constitute principally the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, undertook to do this work. He was one of the founders of the Church—the first convert baptized in it—he preached the first public sermon, he was called to be the second Elder and Apostle in the Church, only Joseph Smith, the Prophet, being ahead of him—the revelations restoring the Priesthood, the Keys and authority to establish the Church and introduce the latter-day dispensation of the gospel, were given to him in connection with the Prophet, and together they received the visitations of the angels of heaven having these keys. Elder Wells explained what the Book of Mormon is; how it came to the knowledge and possession of Joseph Smith, and how and when Oliver Cowdery met and commenced to assist him in its translation, acting as scribe, proof reader, and witness, and he stated that though the world had bitterly opposed the work of these men, held up to scorn and ridicule their testimonies, had persecuted their followers, misrepresented and maligned the “Mormon” people for over eighty years, they have not been able to account for the existence of the Book of Mormon, except as it is accounted for by the Testimony of these Witnesses. Neither can they, for these testimonies are true.

He stated that the characters of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery had not been understood—that here in Richmond, David Whitmer was known and well respected as a man of honor and excellent reputation. Oliver Cowdery lived here only a year before his death, but he was a man of ability, a member of one of the oldest American families; of the seventh generation, in the direct line from William Cowdery, who came from England, and settled first at Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1630. His own father, William Cowdery, Jr., was a phys-

ician, as were his older brothers, Warren and Dyer. Another brother, Lyman, was a lawyer, probate judge, and member of the Wisconsin legislature, his sisters married men of good character.

Oliver Cowdery's life and ministry connected with the "Mormon" Church have won for him an undying fame in the hearts of a million converts; and a happy and prosperous commonwealth, of half that number, have taken this occasion to testify of their love and respect for his memory, and to commemorate in this manner the testimony



THE OLIVER COWDERY MONUMENT, RICHMOND, MO.

The unveiling, Wednesday afternoon, 22nd November, 1911, by Miss Kathryne Schweich.

he and his associates have given to the world, as a witness for the salvation of all who accept and believe the same.

Address, Attorney J. M. Farris. In few and eloquent words Mr. Farris, one of the best known and most popular lawyers of Western Missouri, who had been chosen by the Citizens' committee, extended a cordial greeting to the visitors, and to the choir. He closed his remarks by saying: "Take possession of the city of Richmond. Today we are your servants."

George W. Schweich, grandson of David Whitmer, also greeted the company in behalf of the family and kindred living in Missouri, bidding them a loving welcome to Richmond. Later in the service, he spoke again, saying, with much earnestness and eloquence, that he was proud to be present and to add his testimony. "This Burning

Bush of the 19th century has resulted not in ignorance and superstition, but in education, refinement and artistic attainment—witness, my fellow-kindred and citizens, these from the west, in their volumes of sweet symphony—and the fact appears.” He also said that he was proud of his connection with the Witnesses to the Book of Mormon. He had been taught to read it when he was seven years old, by his grandfather, and it had made him a student of the Bible. “It will make Bible students of all who read it. Though our family, with others, have suffered persecution for our faith, yet I would rather be the grandson of David Whitmer than the grandson of Frederick the Great. He resisted temptations to deny his testimony, to these he said: ‘Get behind me, Satan,’ and I declare to all I believe and know his testimony true.”

Apostle Heber J. Grant followed and spoke of how favorably impressed President Joseph F. Smith was regarding the erection of the monument in honor of Oliver Cowdery, and assured his audience that it was a source of pleasure and gratification to be present upon such an occasion. He had always admired these three men, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris, and respected their testimony. He stated that it was perhaps providential that they had severed themselves from the Church, while still maintaining their testimony to the Book of Mormon, but he rejoiced in the return of Oliver Cowdery, and that even when away from the Church he had the courage to maintain his testimony in court. Elder Grant rejoiced in Oliver Cowdery’s testimony of the coming of the angels—even of John the Baptist, and of Peter, James and John, restoring the Holy Priesthood and the ordinances and organization of the Church. He said that it was through neglect of duty and failure to live up to his religion that had caused Oliver Cowdery’s separation from the Church.

Apostle Grant then commented upon how easy it is for us to misjudge people, or sects, who differ from us. This brought to his mind the following hymn:

Should you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,
If that has not failings, too.

Let not friendly vows be broken;
Rather strive a friend to gain;
Many a word in anger spoken
Finds its passage home again.

Do not, then, in idle pleasure,
Trifle with a brother’s fame;
Guard it as a valued treasure,
Sacred as your own good name.

Do not form opinions blindly;
Hastiness to trouble tends;
Those of whom we thought unkindly,
Oft become our warmest friends.

Elder Grant then bore a powerful testimony of the gospel to the assemblage, gave words of praise to the choir for their conduct and singing, and expressed his appreciation and pleasure in accepting the hospitality of the Richmond people.

During a pause, Elder Wells introduced Miss Kathryne Schweich—great granddaughter of David Whitmer and great grandniece of Oliver Cowdery, who had been chosen to unveil the monument. The young lady rose in the box, where she was seated, and very modestly acknowledged the honor before the audience.

Elder Heber J. Grant then offered the dedicatory prayer:

O God, our Heavenly and Eternal Father, we approach thee at this time in the name of thy Son, Jesus Christ, and we pray thee that thy Spirit may be attendant with us. We pray thee, Father, to accept, as an offering from our hearts, the monument that has been erected to the memory of the late Oliver Cowdery, in the cemetery of this city. We pray thee that in the ravages of the elements, in the future, that this monument may never be disturbed, but remain firm and steadfast, that those who visit the same may read the testimony this man bore to all the world: That he was called of God, and that the claim made by him concerning the Book of Mormon is correct.

We thank thee that the angel did descend from heaven and restore the sacred record, the Book of Mormon, and the message of love and salvation that thy servants are declaring unto the world. We thank thee not only, Heavenly Father, for this spot of ground where the remains of Oliver Cowdery lie, but we thank thee, also, because of Father Peter Whitmer, and his wife, and those who were loyal and true to the cause of truth, whose remains lie in this cemetery.

We thank thee for the feeling of good will and fellowship that has been manifested by the inhabitants of this city, during the erection of this monument, and we pray thee that it may continue, and that the bond of love and sympathy between the believers in the Book of Mormon and the people of Richmond, and those who read the message of this monument, may grow and increase in strength every year.

We thank thee for the gospel of thy Son, Jesus Christ, and for those who have received a testimony of the same. We thank thee for the knowledge we have received that Jesus is the Christ; for the testimony we have that Joseph Smith was and is, in very deed, a prophet of the true and living God, and for Oliver and David and Martin, and for all those who bore these testimonies; and we ask thee that, as we grow in years and understanding, we may grow in knowledge, that we may grow in power to live, that our light may so shine that men may glorify thee, and may be led to investigate the gospel.

Guide us always, and may thy Spirit be with us during the remainder of this meeting, and finally bring us back in thy presence, we ask it all, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

The choir rendered two or three extra numbers, and Willard Weihe delighted the audience with a violin solo, after which the



THE OLIVER COWDERY MONUMENT, RICHMOND, MO.

Thanksgiving and Prayer at the Unveiling, Wednesday afternoon, 22nd November, 1911. George Schweich and daughter Kathrynne, Junius F. Wells, and Ten Elders.

benediction was pronounced by Bishop David A. Smith.

The visitors hurried through the rain to the hotel for dinner, and at about half-past one, their train pulled out for Topeka, Kansas, where the choir was to give a concert in the evening. Elders Grant and Bennion accompanied them.

Along in the afternoon, when the rain had almost ceased to fall, a company of ten missionaries, with George Ed. Anderson, the photographer, assembled at the monument. I took George Schweich and his daughter Kathrynne out there, and we completed the act of unveiling, offering a few words of instruction to the elders, and to the Lord a prayer of thanksgiving and praise.

Editor's Table

Communication to the Quorums of Seventy

IMPORTANT INSTRUCTION BY THE FIRST COUNCIL

Differences of views seem to exist in some cases between our Seventies quorums and the local authorities of wards and stakes in relation to the extent and kind of local work our Seventies may be required to do, and what their obligations are with reference to local appointments in ward or stake work, and in auxiliary associations. The differences of opinion existing concerning these matters, and the desire of the First Council to have a perfect understanding among the quorums with reference to them, prompt the writing of this communication.

THE SPECIAL CALLING OF A SEVENTY.

In discussing this subject, we call attention to the fact that the Seventies differ from other officers in the Priesthood—except the Twelve Apostles—in that they are called to preach the gospel “and to be especial witnesses unto the Gentiles and in all the world. Thus differing from other officers in the Church in the duties of their calling” (Doc. & Cov. 107:25). Also: “The Seventy are to act in the name of the Lord, under the direction of the Twelve * * * in building up the Church and regulating all the affairs of the same in all nations * * * It is the *duty* of the traveling High Council to call upon the Seventy, when they need assistance to fill the several calls for preaching the gospel *instead of any others.*” * * * and these seventy are to be traveling ministers unto the Gentiles first, and also to the Jews; whereas other officers of the Church who belong not unto the Twelve, neither to the Seventy, are not under the responsibility to travel among all nations, but are to travel as their circumstances shall allow, notwithstanding they may hold as high and responsible offices in the Church” (Doc. & Cov. Sec. 107). This sets forth the specific calling of the Seventy, and in what the

office of the Seventy differs from other offices in the Church. Accepting the foregoing as marking out the specific calling of the Seventy, it will go without saying that the purpose for which the Seventies' quorums exist, primarily, is to prepare their members to meet those responsibilities, by instructing them in the doctrines of the gospel and training them to express the truth learned, in a manner and spirit that will make it clear and convincing to those to whom they are sent as messengers of life and salvation.

THE LABORS OF THE SEVENTY AT HOME.

But while the foregoing represents undoubtedly the special calling of the Seventy, and the purpose for which Seventies' quorums exist, we cannot ignore the fact that the greater part of the Seventies' time, under our present circumstances, is spent at home, within some one or other of the organized stakes of Zion. Indeed, the very general rule is that only from two to three years out of a possible ten, twenty, and, in rare cases, thirty years of an elder's connection with the Seventies' quorums, is spent abroad on missions; as for the most part men do not go upon more than one mission, the proportion being not more than from one to five in a hundred that ever fill second missions. Moreover, under existing circumstances, very many of our Seventies never go on missions at all, as Seventies; for while it is true that very many in our Seventies' quorums have been upon missions, they did their missionary work while they were yet elders, and then were brought into the Seventies' quorums, to go no more out as missionaries, as a rule. At present it is a conservative estimate to say that less than eighteen per cent of the mission work of the Church is done by Seventies, notwithstanding all that is said in the revelations about the Seventies being called to this work "*instead of any others.*" According to the report of our General Secretary, for 1910, we have, in the 162 quorums organized, a membership of 8,894; but of this number only 340 were upon missions! These facts prove conclusively that the great bulk of the Seventies' work, under our present circumstances, will be done at home. Indeed, it is now being done there; for while we have such a paltry number of Seventies engaged in the missions abroad, as compared with the whole number of Seventies enrolled in our quorums, yet, according to the report here quoted,

we have engaged as teachers in the bishop's wards, 3,136 Seventies; in the Sunday schools, 1,667; in the Y. M. M. I. Associations, 1,236; in the religion class work, 209; in the home missions, in the stakes of Zion, 676. This represents a very large volume of work being done in the stakes and wards of Zion by the Seventies. If this volume of work was being done by the Seventies abroad, those interested in Seventies' work would doubtless be very proud of it, and justly so. But why not be proud of it any way, at least enough so to rejoice in the fact that our Seventies find so much to do while at home in Zion?

If Seventies may not, from force of circumstances which environ them, "travel continuously" in the world as propaganda, as ideal conditions for Seventies would seem to suggest, why not accept cheerfully and willingly the service for the Church which so abundantly presents itself to them while at home, and which in reality is being done by them?

It should be remembered that the Priesthood and calling of a Seventy is primarily for use, for service; specifically and especially, to constitute the foreign ministry of the Church; yet he is fully competent to engage in nearly all the labors and activities of the Church in the organized stakes and wards of Zion, certainly competent to act in all the labors he is now called upon to perform.

SPECIAL CALLING VS. GENERAL SERVICE.

It is at this point, however, that the differences of view, respecting the obligations of Seventies, to well recognized duties to their quorum, and this local work, arise. The local work has to be done under the appointment and direction of the local authorities; the quorum work, under the quorum authorities, and the First Council of the Seventies; and in case of conflict between quorum duties and local duties, the question is asked, which shall have pre-eminence? The difficulty need have no existence at all, in the nature of things with which we have to deal. Accepting the quorum as an educational institution, where men are taught and trained for service merely, when the opportunity for service comes, whether it be at home or abroad, shall it be insisted upon that the Seventy, so called, shall remain in the training class, or shall he accept service? The question admits of but one answer—let him accept service. And if his acceptance of service

takes him from his quorum-meetings and appointments, his quorum can well afford to excuse him, and account for him as upon mission service; and while perhaps his quorum associates regret his absence and the withdrawal of the strength his presence in quorum work would give, yet they can rejoice at the service he is rendering to the Church and make it part of the record of the quorum's achievements, which should be as acceptable to his fellow Seventies as the record of his faithful attendance upon quorum meetings, or service in the mission field abroad. The Seventies exist primarily for service in the Church, rather than in the quorums. The quorums are subordinate to the Church. Her needs, therefore, must be considered first, rather than the needs of the quorums.

THE ISSUE SQUARELY MET.

It will be said, of course, under such a regime as these principles would approve, that the attendance upon quorum classes and quorum meetings would be depleted; and in some cases that might be true, but not to a very great extent. But if it were true to a large extent, what then? If the depletion occurred because of so many being called into the foreign ministry of the Church, as are called into local work, how tolerant of the depletion the rest of the quorum would be—nay, proud of it! Why not be equally tolerant of it, and proud of it, when the service is at home? It is the Church that requires the service in both cases. And, remember, the Seventies exist primarily for service in the Church, not for attendance upon quorum meetings, merely.

PRESENT PRINCIPLES AND QUORUM ALLEGIANCE.

It will be asked, however, how all this is to be reconciled with the principle emphasized hitherto, that a Seventy's first allegiance is to his quorum. Well, if there are elements of the case that have been overlooked, there ought to be no hesitancy in accepting modifications of conclusions which those overlooked elements suggest. But surely one gives his first allegiance to his quorum, when he heartily and faithfully responds to the purposes for which his quorum exists; namely, for service to the Church, whether that service is home service or foreign. To do less than this would not be loyalty to his organization, or allegiance to his quorum, first or otherwise.

It is not for the individual Seventy to determine whether service required of him is more important or not than his attendance upon quorum meetings for the preparation for service; but surely, it stands to reason that the service itself is the sequence, the culmination of the preparation, and if those properly directing the required service are satisfied with the work of preparation made, that the efficiency of the Seventy whose service is required is adequate, we see not on what grounds the service can be withheld.

THE CASE OF THE QUORUMS.

To this point the matter has been presented strongly in favor of the local service being rendered, irrespective of the interests of the quorums; but what has been said may be modified in certain particulars. Surely the quorums of Seventy are worthy of some consideration. If they are subordinate to the Church, which is freely and overwhelmingly admitted, they still are agencies of education for the instruction of a very large and important body of the Priesthood of the Church; and the desire to perpetuate them, and aid them as an efficient means of education of both the foreign ministry and the home ministry, ought to be universal. They ought to be as much the object of solicitude on the part of local authorities, Stake Presidencies and Bishoprics, as any other quorums, because upon their efficiency as a teaching and training institution depends in large degree the efficiency of the men sent out from these quorums into the service of the Church, both at home and abroad. Wisdom, therefore, would suggest the policy of maintaining these quorums at the very highest point of their efficiency, and the granting to them every means possible to enable them to effectually perform their work, in preparing men for service in the Church, both at home and abroad; and this by guiding into those quorums the very choicest young men to be found, and plenty of them, as also by affording the quorums every possible facility in time and place of meeting; also interfering with their class and quorum work, by calling upon their presidents and members for other service at the time the quorums meet, to as small an extent as will be consistent with the full and perfect service of the Church, in the department where their assistance might be thought to be needed.

THE COURTESIES IN THE CASE—AVOIDANCE OF FRICTION.

Much of the friction between Seventies' quorums and local ward and Church authorities might be removed, if proper courtesy was observed at the time our Seventies are called upon to accept service in other departments than their quorums. That courtesy would suggest that the council of the respective quorums should be consulted with the view of obtaining their consent and approval of the appointment, and thus be given an opportunity to present reasons why the appointment should not be made, if any exist, or the chance of suggesting what might be a better arrangement than the one proposed, if that were possible. Courtesy in the case, however, is a matter that Seventies may not control in others, beyond making it understood that they know what courtesy is due in the premises; but if not accorded, they will be under the necessity of bearing it with such Christian patience as they may summon to their aid. Meantime, however, they can instruct their own members that when they are called upon for service which interferes with their quorum appointments, they can ask the privilege of presenting it to the council of their quorum, that they may, in the first place, show proper respect to those who immediately preside over them in the Priesthood; and, in the second place, go with their approval and good will.

Moreover, in the case of the special appointments of the quorums' annual meetings in November, and in the regular monthly meetings of the quorums, arrangements could doubtless be made by which all the members engaged in other service could be excused, in order to attend them.

SUMMARY OF THE MATTER.

But to return to the general principles here sought to be set forth: Let it be held in mind that Seventies exist primarily for service in the Church, especially for service in the missions outside the stakes of Zion; but, in the last analysis of the whole matter, for service wherever the Church needs and calls for that service; and it is in the amount and quality of the service that the respective quorums are able to give the Church that their success consists, even as quorums, rather than in large percentages of attendance in quorum and class meetings. The matter of percentage of such attendance can well be subordinated to an account

of the amount and kind of work being done by the Seventies in the respective quorums, a full and careful record of which should be kept and reported annually, both to the respective quorums and to the First Council. And let pride, so far as pride may be a proper element in the matter at all, center in the amount and quality of the service rendered by the respective quorums to the Church, whether at home or abroad.

SEYMOUR B. YOUNG,
BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS,
JONATHAN G. KIMBALL,
RULON S. WELLS,
JOSEPH W. McMURRIN,
CHARLES H. HART,
LEVI EDGAR YOUNG,
FIRST COUNCIL OF SEVENTIES.

ENDORSEMENT OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY.

We endorse the foregoing letter of instructions to the Seventies, issued by the First Council; and we request the local authorities in the respective stakes and wards of the Church to so arrange their requirements of the Seventies for home service work, as mentioned in the letter, that their duties to their quorums will not be unnecessarily impaired.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
ANTHON H. LUND,
CHARLES W. PENROSE,
FIRST PRESIDENCY OF THE CHURCH.

Missionary Correspondence Course

A missionary correspondence course of study will begin, under the auspices of the Church schools, January, 1912. This course has been established especially for missionaries, and will be conducted in connection with the office of the general superintendent of Latter-day Saints schools, Salt Lake City. After consulting with the mission presidents, First Council of Seventies, and the General Church Board of Education, a course of study has been prepared by the office, which will include instructions

in the principles of the gospel, the scriptures, Church history and English; besides hints about travel, etiquette, statistics, and answers to questions often asked about our people, and much other information that every missionary needs. This course will enable young men who work, to study during evenings and at odd times, to prepare themselves for this great calling. A course of this kind has long been needed. Undoubtedly many young people will take advantage of it. Elder Edwin S. Sheets, an experienced teacher and missionary, will conduct the study, and it is desired that at least one person from each ward shall take the course. A fee of \$10 is charged, and must be paid in advance. The course will last one year.

Official Appointments

The following official notice appeared in the *Deseret News*, December 7:

At the regular council meeting of the First Presidency and apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, held in the Salt Lake temple, this seventh day of December, 1911, at which Presidents Joseph F. Smith and Anthon H. Lund, and eight of the Twelve Apostles, were present, Charles W. Penrose was selected and unanimously sustained as second counselor in the First Presidency, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the demise of President John Henry Smith, and he was set apart to this office and calling under the hands of President Joseph F. Smith, all the other authorities named assisting.

Also James E. Talmage was appointed and unanimously sustained to be one of the Twelve Apostles to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Elder Charles W. Penrose as second counselor in the First Presidency.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
President of the Council.

Elders Heber J. Grant, Rudger Clawson, Reed Smoot and George A. Smith were absent from home when this action was taken, but have since expressed in writing their hearty approval of the action of the Council.

Members of the Church, and the public generally, are so familiar with the men promoted to these new positions, that little need here be said of them. Elder Penrose, a veteran worker in the Church, has been prominently before the people for sixty years, having begun his public ministry in England, in 1851, where he continued as missionary for ten years. Since his arrival

in Utah, in 1861, he has filled two other missions in England, the last as president of the European mission. He has figured so prominently in local literature, politics, and religion, that there is scarcely a person in the land but is familiar with his ability, aptitude, congeniality, good name and character. The honor now conferred upon him will be heartily seconded by uncounted hosts of friends.

Dr. James E. Talmage, while much younger in the work, is no less well known from his writings, his lectures, and his educational attainments and scientific achievements. He will bring to bear upon his quorum a strong intellectuality, coupled with a deep and rational religious feeling, that will be of vital force in his quorum of strong and noble men.

Elder A. H. Anderson, writing from Sioux City, Iowa, November 25, says that the elders laboring



in the West Iowa conference rejoice in the success attending their labors. They are making many friends, who invite them to come and speak, and dine with them. They have a good Sunday school established at Sioux City, in which the people take much interest, both members and non-members of the Church. Elders, back row, left

to right: W. H. Wilde, Coalville; S. S. Lewis, Park City; H. B. Stevenson, Murray; front row:: A. H. Anderson, Ephraim, Utah, presiding.

Elder Joseph Hintze, writing from Kimberley, South Africa, October 9, says that their meetings are well attended, and their Mutual and Bible classes extremely interesting. The Saints are taking an active part, and express a great desire to learn more about the gospel. The elders have some very enthusiastic investigators, one particularly, who says he has proven many of the religions, but since investigating "Mormonism," he finds that it contains the solution to all his questions. He is fairly educated, and the elders say it is a pleasure to converse with him, and with men of his class. It broadens the elders out, and puts new life into their efforts, enabling them to use both science and reason, as well as the scriptures; besides, it gives them a chance to express their thoughts on many different subjects, as well as to get what truths their friends possess. Elder Hintze sends five subscribers for the "Era," Volume 15, for which many thanks.

Priesthood Quorums' Table

Who Should Preside in the Absence of the Bishopric? The following question is frequently asked, with others of similar import:

"If the bishopric were absent from a ward meeting, and the bishop failed to appoint anyone to preside, and several high priests and elders were present, whose right would it be to preside at the meeting?"

The right of presidency in a ward rests with the bishop. If he should neglect to ask or appoint anyone to preside in his absence, the body of the Priesthood present at a meeting would necessarily be the authority which would have the right to call or appoint a temporary presiding officer, in the absence of the regularly constituted authority. No man, without the consent of the Priesthood present, would have the right to assume to preside, unless he was called to do so by the Priesthood present, who generally choose the senior high priest. It would not be necessary, however, to submit the choice of a presiding officer, in a case of that kind, to the Saints for their decision or even approval, except in case of question or division. It is eminently appropriate and in order for the Priesthood present to select the senior high priest, by ordination, to preside. In fact, by practice, it has become a custom, all conditions being favorable, to call upon the senior high priest present to officiate on occasions like those in question.

Course of Study for Priesthood Quorums, 1912.—High Priests. "Principles of the Gospel," a book of 108 pages, paper cover, with chapter-sentiments, outlines, full notes, copious references, and suggestive application of the lesson. Price 20c.

Elders. "The Articles of Faith Applied," a book of 72 pages, paper cover, being a practical treatment of the "Articles of Faith," with important notes, references, and questions and suggestions for practical work. Price 15c.

Priests. "First Steps in Church Government," a book of 152 small pages, with introduction, treating on what Church government is and does, and containing twenty-one stories for supplementary reading, illustrating the topics in the lesson; also additional practical work and review. Price 20c.

Teachers. "The Apostolic Age," a book of 44 pages, principally outlines, with short notes and references, questions and application. Price 10c.

Deacons. "The Latter-day Prophet," a book of 200 pages, cloth binding, plain reading text, by George Q. Cannon, with special emphasis on faith-promoting incidents. A book of questions and sug-

gestions for the class instructors only is prepared to accompany it. The text book should be in the hands of all the deacons, and the question book in the hands of the instructors. Price: Text, 40c; questions, 15c.

The Course is ready for distribution. Send orders to the "Improvement Era," 20-22 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. By order of the committee, returned outlines and books will not be accepted for credit on account.

The Art of Teaching and Studying. Teaching is an art. Studying is an art. Both take years of careful training. Among the many students of universities and colleges, the proper method of studying is sometimes never learned. In writing on this subject, we wish, therefore, to give something that will be of use to the many thousands of Seventy, and to all others who meet in the various priesthood quorums. We propose to deal with the subject in six papers. Each paper will be short and clear, and we hope thoroughly suggestive. It will be well to compile the series, and paste them in the "Year Book," where they may be referred to, time and time again. Paper I deals with the following subject: How to Get the Spirit of a Lesson.

I.

In taking up a lesson assigned for preparation, one should read the entire topic in order to grasp the spirit of the subject, and to see it as a unit or whole. In reading the lesson, try to grasp the purpose of the article. One should always keep in mind that every good article has a problem for the reader to solve. It is the solving of this problem that makes the lesson interesting and instructive. For example, in Lesson XVII of the Fourth Year Book, the subject is "The Redemption to be the Work of God." The problem is, then, how God has redeemed mankind from the sin of Adam. In reading the lesson, our aim is the solution of the problem. We have a vitalizing thought to begin with, and this will help us keep our minds to the subject in hand.

Many times our minds wander, and we say, "I don't know what I am reading half the time." The reason for this, as a rule, is that we begin to read with no aim in view. In reading a lesson, we should have an aim, an end in view. The aim is to solve the problem mentioned as the subject of every lesson. After reading once to get the aim, read the lesson again to get the large related parts. In other words, organize the subject matter in your mind, then it is easy to remember the subject matter read. There is always one great central thought. All other thoughts obtained from the reading must be unified with it. Our final preparation, then, is to get the subject of the lesson as one great comprehensive unit. This is an organized thought, and constitutes not memory, but knowledge. Let me illustrate: Take Lesson XVII again. The problem as you remember is "The Redemption Is the Work of God." In reading the lesson, one discovers a unifying principle. It is ONLY THE ONE WHO CREATES A

THING OR LAW CAN RECTIFY THE LAW, IF BROKEN. God ordained the law of eternal life. Only he can rectify it, if ignorant man breaks it. When we have finished the lesson, we discover that THE REDEMPTION IS THE WORK OF GOD because of the law of life, and the justice and wisdom of God.

We leave the lesson with a very vitalizing thought, and in our daily work, many things are suggested, that will cause us to see more clearly again the force of the lesson we have learned. Only a watch-maker can mend a watch, because he knows how to create a watch. An engineer can mend his engine, because he is able to construct an engine with the proper material at hand. So with God. The laws and organized matter, which are of him and his handiwork, can be rectified and mended by him, if broken.

To summarize. In reading the lesson, try to discover the aim and main thought of the subject handled. See the lesson as a unit, and have your study give you one distinctly clear thought from the subject treated.

Elder O. D. Romney, writing from Auckland, calls attention to the fact that it is seldom information relating to the New Zealand elders appears in the "Improvement Era."

"It is not that we haven't some of the finest elders in this land that can be found in the world, but because of our lack of time and the distance to get word to you." This picture shows three elders laboring among the Maoris, and one laboring among the Europeans, in New Zealand



Left to right: Ralph McKnight, Oliver Humphreys; front row: O. R. Johnson and O. D. Romney, Jr. These four elders form a company that have experiences regarding their missionary work that would strengthen the testimony of any one who might hear them. They do know that the Lord does sustain his servants while they preach his gospel. Elder Humphreys has been in the mission field the longest of any elder now on the Island, and Elder Romney is the youngest elder in the field. These elders sing well together, either in Maori, or the European, tongue, and often interest the Saints with their singing, as well as with their preaching.

Mutual Work

Cheering Words from Box Elder

Supt. Ernest P. Horsley, writing from Brigham City, November 22, in relation to Mutual Work in Box Elder stake, says: "We are very much crippled in athletic work on account of Brigham City not having halls for this purpose, but we have the work at heart, are converted, and are making a strenuous effort to have it succeed, and to get some young men to take the gymnasium course for the January term.

"Our programs for the extra five open meetings of the seniors will consist of something like the following: First night, a lecture in each senior class to the boys, by a surveyor on the subject of the division of land; second night, a lecture to the boys on the marketing of fruit, by one of our fruit-shippers; and the other three nights will be used in a similar way, with such topics from the manual under consideration as will be especially adapted to this locality. Interspersed will be the best musical talent that can be obtained in this part of the state, such as orchestras, soloists, and special talent, which we expect to send from one ward to another. Our associations are showing up better this year than ever before, especially in attendance. We will soon have five per cent of the Church population for the "Era."

The Normal Athletic Class

On November 20, twenty-seven stalwart young men, representing an equal number of wards and stakes were enrolled in the Deseret Gymnasium, for the purpose of receiving a brief training, aimed to assist them in the direction of athletics and gymnastics in their own wards.

The course consists of ten lessons in anthropometry; ten lessons in administration and methods; twenty lessons in gymnastic dancing; twenty lessons in calisthenics and marching; twenty lessons in gymnastics and games, and twenty lessons in athletics, basket ball, baseball, volley ball, and tennis.

While the course was very short, lasting four weeks, with five hours per day, marked improvement was clearly shown in the work of these earnest men. This course was given by way of an experiment, but so far as we are able to judge, it has met the most sanguine expectations of the gymnasium officials and members of the General Board. The stakes and wards represented are to be congratulated

upon the character and earnestness of the men who represented them. It is the misfortune of stakes which failed to send representatives.

Commencing January 20, the course will be repeated, and indications are that there will be a very much larger class. This marks an epoch in the history of Mutual Improvement activities. It is the first work of the kind ever given in the Church, and will no doubt finally lead to a much more thorough and careful preparation for this important line of work in our Young Men's Mutual Improvement As-



The first M. I. A. Normal Class in Athletics, and their teachers, Deseret Gymnasium, 1911.

sociations. Stake superintendents should read the call for these classes on page 95 of the November, 1911, "Era," and make immediate preparation for the new class, in which at least one hundred young men should attend. Write immediately to Secretary B. S. Hinckley, Deseret Gymnasium, Salt Lake City.

The names of the enrolled members who have taken the course are as follows: Alma Tucker, Cowley, Wyo.; Vern Asay, C. S. Lynn, Lovell, Big Horn stake; W. C. Christensen, Martin Mickelsen, Sanford, Colo., San Luis stake; Walter Swain, Daniel, Walter S. Carlile, Heber 2nd, Joseph Swain, Charleston, Lawn Smith, Heber 1st, J. Thomas Crook, Center, Rolland Baird, Heber 3rd, Wasatch stake; Eddis W. Watkins and John O. Hughes, Mendon, Lloyd Oldham, Paradise, Hyrum stake; J. S. Bennion, Taylorsville, Martin Isaksen, Mill Creek, J. L. Myers, Grant, Granite stake; G. S. Heiner, Morgan stake; Malcom W. Watson, Ogden 5th, Weber stake; William E. Marshall, Darrell Marshall, Randolph, Woodruff stake; O. O. Bates, Tooele stake; J. C. Coult, 31st Ward, Liberty stake; A. V. Butler, Driggs, Teton stake; F. W. Bacon, Georgetown, Bear Lake stake.

On the evening of December 13, the class met with President

Joseph F. Smith and the members of the General Board, as per arrangement of Chairman Lyman R. Martineau of the Athletic Committee. Dinner was served by the Young Ladies of the Domestic Science Class, L. D. S. U. Speeches were made by President Smith, B. H. Roberts, Lyman R. Martineau, B. S. Hinckley, and W. F. Dey, for the Board, congratulating the class and pointing out to them the object of their labors in their home wards and stakes. Response was made for the class by George S. Heiner, Superintendent of Y. M. M. I. A. of Morgan Stake. It was a very pleasant affair in all respects. We trust that the members of the class will go to their wards and stakes and teach the young men of Zion to love the Lord, honor the Priesthood and authority, submit to discipline, work hard, tell the truth, and play square. It was suggested by one of the speakers at the dinner that a good motto for the class would be: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy strength."

M. I. A. Scouts

At the meeting of the General Board, held November 29, 1911, the matter of selecting a name for the boy activities was taken up on report of Chairman Lyman R. Martineau, of the Athletic Committee. After thorough discussion, on motion of Elder A. W. Ivins, the name "M. I. A. Scouts" was unanimously adopted for this movement. It was also moved and carried that the age limit of membership of the M. I. A. Scouts be from twelve to eighteen years, inclusive. By this name all the classes in these activities of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations should hereafter be known.

The bishops of the various wards in the Church are required annually to visit their people. Much good has thus been accomplished, resulting in a gradual increase in the attendance at all the organizations, as well as at sacrament meetings. In some instances the increase has been from twenty-five to forty per cent. The visitors have found, according to report to the Presiding Bishop's Office, that the great majority of the people willingly sustain the authorities of the Church. A sample report from Clearfield, Davis stake, by Bishop James G. Wood, states that the organization of that ward was effected four years ago. He then continues: "There were then twenty-two adults that were not members of the Church, eighteen of whom we have since baptized, and one more has just applied for admittance. We are a young community here, but at the close of the year we will reach the number of 425, with about 125 children under eight years of age. All our organizations show thrift and new energy." This condition is largely due to the efforts put forth by the bishopric, as well as by the teachers, in their missionary labors, in this and the various wards of the Church.

New Wards and Changes in Bishops, Ward Clerks, etc., for the month of November, 1911, as reported by the Bishop's Office:

Stake Clerk. George T. Eckersley appointed stake clerk of the Wayne stake, to succeed Walter E. Stewart.

Presidents of Missions. Franklin J. Fullmer was sustained as president of the Tahitian mission, to succeed William Seegmiller; C. Christian Jensen, as president of the Samoan mission, to succeed D. C. McBride; H. W. Valentine, as president of the Swiss and German mission, to succeed Thomas E. McKay.

New Wards. Sharon ward was organized in the Utah stake, with Daniel Dean McEwan as bishop, and Leo. J. Knight as ward clerk; Clear Creek ward, in the Carbon stake, with David McMillan, bishop, and Alfred Hayes, ward clerk; San Jose ward, in the Juarez stake, with Geo. Albert Martineau, bishop.

Bishops. Howard Reese was sustained as bishop of the Benson ward, Cache stake, to succeed H. W. Ballard; Henry E. Henderson, as bishop of the Garden Creek ward, Pocatello stake, to succeed Orson M. Christensen; George H. Wallace, as bishop of the Twenty-first ward, Ensign stake, to succeed M. S. Woolley.

Ward Clerks. Howard W. Young was appointed ward clerk of the Shelley 2nd ward, Blackfoot stake, to succeed C. N. Williamsen; George T. Wride, ward clerk, Raymond ward, Taylor stake, to succeed S. F. Kimball, Jr.; Edwin Walker, ward clerk of the Rexburg 2nd ward, Fremont stake, to succeed Otto E. Liljenquist; Horace Whitear, ward clerk, Roy ward, Weber stake, to succeed Martin P. Brown; Oscar L. Rider, ward clerk Basalt ward, Blackfoot stake, to succeed N. P. Thompson; Peter E. Olsen, ward clerk of the Koosharem ward, Sevier stake, to succeed Orson H. Anderson.

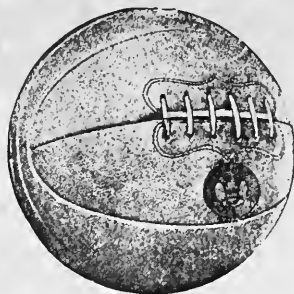
President Rudger Clawson, writing from Liverpool, November 22, calls attention to a very interesting conference held in Bristol, on the Sunday previous, at which a gentleman, a reporter on one of the papers, arose and, on his own request, which was granted, made a few remarks to the effect that he was acquainted with our elders and their work. He knew them to be enlightened young men of good character, and felt that they were doing good. He was not afraid or ashamed to say so, and thought that other people who recognized these virtues in them, ought to have sufficient moral courage to say so. He deprecated the falsehoods told about the Latter-day Saints and their representatives in England. Elder Clawson adds: "I speak of this incident because such things are rare in the mission field." Active work has begun for the widening of Edge Lane to make way for the street cars. The present street is forty feet wide, but when the change is effected, will be eighty feet. "This improvement," says President Clawson, "points with an unerring finger to the great white city, promised for 1912."

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